No. 1539—Vol. 59

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

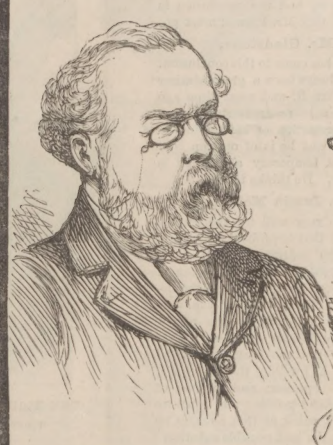
November 29, 1890

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

THE LATE LADY ROSEBERY.

BUCHANAN V. LANGTRY.



Mr Robt Buchanan

Mrs Langtry

O'Shea v Parnell.
Scene of the Balcony Exploit at Brighton

The Accused, Stawislas Mendelsohn

Nihilism in Paris:
The Hotel in which Gen. Seliverskoff was murdered

FACES AND PHASES OF LONDON, PARIS, AND BRIGHTON LIFE.

See "Facts and Faces," next Page.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. BEECHAM'S PILLS

Are universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to BEECHAM'S PILLS for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each Box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the ROSEBUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" testified continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is, BEECHAM'S PILLS have the Largest Sale of any Patent medicine in the world.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

As a remedy for Coughs in general, asthma, bronchial affections, hoarseness, shortness of breath, tightness and oppression of the chest, wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled. They are the best ever offered to the public, and will speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly deprive the patient of rest.

Prepared only and sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation, will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

Now Publishing.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL NUMBER

OF THE

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL

COLOURED PRESENTATION PICTURE,

"BABY'S OWN."

After G. Hillyard Swinstead's Royal Academy Picture.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

The Murderer's Dog	George R. Sims.
For His Sake	Clo. Graves.
A Daughter of the People ...	John Latey, Jun.
Forty Thousand	Geo. Manville Fenn.
Baby's Own	H. Chance Newton.
Chowcundra Dass	O. P. Q. Philander Smiff.
For Him at Sea	Byron Webber.
Message of the Bells	Kate Bishop.
Weir Music	William Mackay.
The Stage-struck Puppy ...	John George Watts.
Love on the Rail	Howard Paul.

ARTISTIC CONTRIBUTORS.

Sir John Gilbert.	Gabriel Nicolet.
Alfred Hunt.	W. H. Overend.
Thomas Robinson.	P. Macnab.
T. Sulman.	Etc., Etc.

Price SIXPENCE.

Order at Once of your Newsagent or Bookseller, to Secure an Early Supply.

PERSONAL POLITICS

The Parnell Business

has undoubtedly proved one of the most extraordinary fiascoes in politics. When I wrote last week there was but little sign of the storm which has since gathered to the full and broken with reckless fury on the head of the Irish leader. I do not at this moment know what Mr. Parnell's final decision is; but in the end it must surely be for

Retirement.

There should be no alternative. Home Rule can only be won by a strict and cordial union between the Liberal and Irish Parties. If one wing of the once-united host is either estranged or indifferent, or is deprived of a portion of its strength, victory cannot be won. These are the supreme tactical considerations of the hour, and in politics tactics always have the last word. You may talk a great deal of moral considerations, of the great heart of England beating sound, of the Ten Commandments, of the eternal verities, and such-like matters, but when you get to close quarters with a politician he always ends in counting votes.

The Counting of Votes

has convinced everybody in the Liberal Party that Mr. Parnell must go. It has not convinced the Irishmen, because they are, to a certain extent, ignorant of English opinion, and do not understand the workings of the English mind. But, if the conversation I had with two or three members of their side is any guide, even they are wavering in their support of Mr. Parnell. The cause is dearer to them than the leader, dear as he is. They will not consent to plunge back into the troubles of 1886, and begin again with the whole process of converting the English people. It seems strange that the delinquencies of one man should involve such consequences, but so it is, and the conclusion is inevitable that Mr. Parnell must go.

Mr. Gladstone,

I believe, has come to this conclusion. He has always been a great admirer of Mr. Parnell, and some time ago he wrote a letter expressing a very high appreciation of his services to Ireland. But he is of opinion that at least a temporary abdication is necessary. He thinks that

Mr. Justin McCarthy

would do very well for the leadership, and that is probably the form which the settlement will take. Mr. McCarthy is one of those men whom everybody likes — simple, modest, retiring, full of the very spirit of good-nature, one of the best after-dinner speakers I ever heard, if not the best, a graceful novelist, a forcible though not a rhetorical speaker, and a man of unblemished public and private record. I think at this moment he would be the best possible substitute for Mr. Parnell. The latter could still remain in the background, and do the engineering work which is involved in the control of the funds and the maintenance of discipline of the Parliamentary Party. Mr. McCarthy is quite sufficiently fitted to do the rest. He lacks the personal force of the man whom he would supersede. He has something of what I may call the all-round mind of a journalist rather than the keen, intent view of the politician. But you cannot have everything, and, on the whole, Mr. McCarthy excellently

Supplies those Qualities

for the want of which Mr. Parnell's career has been doomed. There is another reason why Mr. McCarthy will do very well as a substitute for Mr. Parnell. During the last year or so the Irish leader has taken little active part in the management of his party. The campaign in Ireland has been entrusted to Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien. Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy have managed the debates in the House, and the most important Committee work, for which both men are ideally fitted.

Mr. Parnell

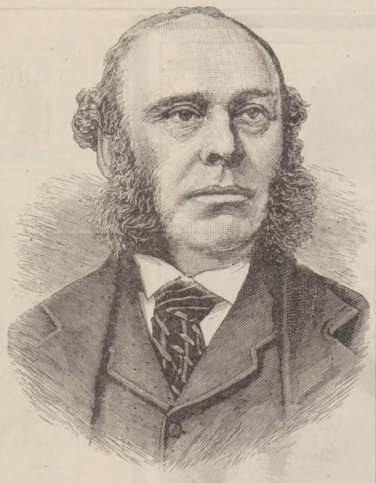
has often been absent for days and weeks together, and his appearances have on nearly all occasions been sudden and unpremeditated. No member of his party has known his address save his secretary, Mr. Campbell, who, though he is entrusted with what I may call the outer secrets of his chief, whom he adores with unquestioning fidelity, probably knows as little about the inner facts as any other member of the party. Mr. Parnell keeps himself to himself. He lives a retired life, varied by occasional excursions into public affairs. He has few acquaintances and fewer friends. I believe that, in harmony with his usual practice in regard to comments on himself, he is quite indifferent to the outcry which has been raised—too indifferent, perhaps, for his position as a public man. He has been staying at Brighton, and has come up for the Session just as if nothing had happened. From what I hear, I think he will go—if not at once, at least before many days are over.

Meanwhile the Session,

which has just been opened, will probably be a stormy one. I was talking the other day with a Liberal member, who declared his belief that there would be a tremendous assault on the Government, and that bad measures would be uncompromisingly resisted. But my opinion is that we shall not see this Session through, or that, at any rate, unless the situation gravely alters, we shall have a dissolution at the end of it. I do not think there can be much doubt that if the Parnell business continues much longer it will disintegrate the Liberal Party, and in that case it would be more than we could humanly expect of any Conservative tactician not to seize so golden an opportunity. It must be remembered that a week or so ago every politician in his senses predicted a Liberal victory at the polls. I am quite sure from what I have heard from Conservatives and Liberals alike that that was a sentiment universally held. Now

A Turn has Come in the Battle.

No Liberal expects to win within a month or so from the present date. No one would be sure of the result even were it to happen six months hence. Undoubtedly Lord Salisbury has been urged by some of his most daring tacticians to dissolve. I do not think he will do this, as he is a man of the most sensitive honour, and he would dislike fighting the Home Rule battle on a personal issue. But he may do it a little later, and, in my opinion, he will; and in six months the great issue of Home Rule versus Unionism will be tried, not perhaps as fairly and squarely as reasonable men on both sides ought to hope, but still with a certain amount of emphasis and, I suppose, with a measure of finality.



THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.,
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

Mr. W. H. Smith,

as the personification of ultra-respectability shines especially at the present juncture in the post of Leader of the House. He somehow manages to convey the notion, by his soft and conciliatory speech, that he is the embodiment of all the virtues; and his colleagues seem to glow in the reflected light of the careful business man who leads the Commons with no little tact. Mr. Smith opens the Session in such good health that the rumour respecting his possible removal to the House of Lords may be safely dismissed as groundless. So far as the immediate business goes, there can be no question that the

Government are in a Strong Position.

They have practically got rid of the long and tedious debate on the Address, Mr. Gladstone—a conservative in all things—consenting, on the ground that a lengthy discussion of the sessional programme is an innovation of Parliamentary usage and may very well be dispensed with. There is also a good deal of talk to the effect that they have got the Speaker to put his foot down pretty firmly on obstruction. The new departure to which this points is that individual members repeating themselves or speaking too frequently will be dealt with and ordered to sit down. This can, of course, be done under the new rules, but if it is too frequently brought into operation it will cause a large number of disagreeable scenes. The member will refuse to obey the authority of the Chair; he will be suspended; he will certainly find supporters; the Speaker's action will be criticised; there will be a wrangle and a scene, with the inevitable result that more time will be wasted in penal measures than by letting the offending member alone. These are some of the dangers that the Government have to face, but, all the same, the disorganised state of the Opposition will help to give *éclat* to their policy and the strength of their attitude. Last year they were rowing against the tide with the wind dead ahead. Now the tide has turned, and they are sailing down-stream with a spanking breeze behind them. They are not very good tacticians, and may not make the best of this change in their fortunes, but it is a very great and significant one.

As for the immediate change in their fortunes, perhaps it can be served by giving prominence to the plan of assisted education—which is practically

Free Education—

which again appears in the sessional programme. There is no doubt of the popularity of this measure with the country. It means the relief of a serious burden which now falls on the shoulders of the poor, and would, I think, win the Government a very large number of votes. In the country districts the educational system is a severe tax upon the poor, amounting often to from sixpence to eightpence a week, and the burden is also severely felt in large towns. If the Tories can give the people Free Education to all intents and purposes, they will clinch the argument for a continuance of Tory rule, which the disorganisation of the Opposition has enforced. So I think deliberately that if the Tories play their game well they may win. They may play it badly, and lose. At present the odds are in their favour.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

London Life,

as studied from the point of view of the Law Courts, is certainly not edifying. My belief is, with regard to a peculiar class of cases, that the lawyers have given a substantial retaining fee to Cupid. Hence these tears. Hence the antics of men who ought to be staid and respectable politicians, and of matrons who should be as much above suspicion as was Cæsar's wife. In no other way can one account for that sensibly cool and phlegmatic Home-Rule leader

Mr. Parnell,

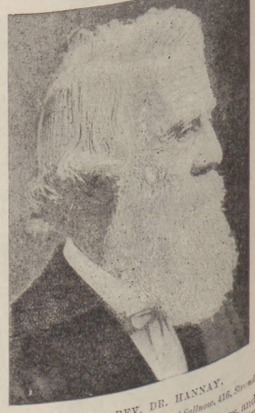
being so infatuated as to vie with Romeo in the agility and pertinacity with which he wooed a married lady—wooed her, indeed, with such assiduity that it has come out in evidence that he visited her day and night, seeking safety by a gymnastic descent from a Brighton balcony by means of a handy fire-escape ladder when Captain O'Shea was within an ace of discovering him. Cupid clearly has much to answer for. The eminent dramatist, poet, and novelist

Mr. Robert Buchanan

was manifestly *not* under the spell of "Dodor Cupid" when he ungallantly brought his Doctor action against Mrs. Langtry. As it was, he won his suit, and was awarded £150, in addition to the £150 he had received from Mrs. Langtry on account of the play he had written for her. Still, I'm afraid that awkward dog incident has been have prevented the success of the piece if it had been produced. One cannot but admire Mrs. Langtry's pluck in continuing her arduous performance of Cleopatra at the time she was supporting her case in court.

Dr. Alexander Hannay.

We give here a portrait of Dr. Hannay, whose sudden death we recorded last week. Dr. Hannay filled the office of Secretary of the Congregational



THE LATE REV. DR. HANNAY.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Martin and Sullivan, 41b, Sackville Street.

Union of England and Wales for many years, and his remarkable tact and attractive personality made him a power both within and without his own religious community. A memorial service, in addition to that held at his funeral, was given at the City Temple, Holborn-viaduct, on Monday, when a very representative gathering of Nonconformists assembled to do homage to a lost friend. The Rev. Guinness Rogers preached a sermon, taking for his text, "Blessed are the pure in

A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES." Ask throughout the world, in any country that Lozenges are named, you will find them largely sold. They are a delicious no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief. They are so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. One Lozenge gives ease. Sold in 1½d. Tins. "ADVRT."

heart, for they shall see God." Dr. Hannay had, he said a remarkably acute intellect, but guileless of heart was even more conspicuous in him. A friend who could be more truly trusted, a counsellor more sagacious, it would be impossible to find.

The Death of Lady Rosebery

has come as a sad blow to the enlightened political statesman most men regard as the probable successor of Mr. Gladstone. Only daughter of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, this amiable noblewoman was a most wealthy heiress when she was married to the Earl of Rosebery (with whom we all heartily condole in his hour of grief). But Lady Rosebery was known and loved for her open-handed charity and kind-heartedness to the poor. She was a most genial hostess, and, therefore, of great help to Lord Rosebery while he was Foreign Secretary. Lord Rosebery is fortunate to have two sons and two daughters to console him in his grievous loss.

The Deadly Nature of Nihilism

has been proved afresh by the assassination, at the Hôtel de Bade in Paris, of the Russian General Seliverskoff. Such crimes do but retard the reforms we should all like to see carried out in Russia. Public abhorrence of assassination, it is to be hoped, will restrain the arms of Nihilists, with whose legitimate agitations for Constitutional reform in Russia most Englishmen cordially sympathise.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe."

The popular composer is busily engaged in preparing for the rehearsals of his new work, which some imagine will, for the first time, introduce Sir Walter Scott's famous story in the form of an operatic libretto. But that is not so. It was the subject of a very successful opera by the German composer Marschner. An English version of the work appeared about sixty years ago. Marschner's opera dealt chiefly with the scenes between the Templar and Rebecca, but Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera will have an element of humour which was lacking in Marschner's opera. Sir Walter Scott speaks of an opera which was played in Paris on the subject of "Ivanhoe," and makes merry, in one of his letters, as to the way in which the novel had been malleated to form an operatic libretto. About the same period M. Gevaert, then Director of the Grand Opera, Paris, produced with considerable success a work founded on "Quentin Durward," and the famous Boieldieu made the story of "The White Lady of Avenal," from Sir Walter Scott's novel "The Monastery," the subject of his delicious "La Dame Blanche." Rossini wrote a very delicious opera on "The Lady of the Lake." The popular composer of "Carmen" wrote a pretty opera on "The Fair Maid of Perth," but that particular feature in Bizet's earlier opera is scarcely Scottish. The scene might be Italy for anything we find in the score. The same may be said of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," the libretto of which opera is purely Italian from first to last. There is not a single echo of Scotland in the score. Berlioz treated "Waverley" in similar fashion, and Bishop, in employing "Guy Mannering" and "Rob Roy" as ballad operas, introduced melodies essentially English. There are one or two Italian versions of "Kenilworth," and half-a-dozen operas on "The Talisman." Other works of Sir Walter Scott have been variously treated by German, French, Italian, and Hungarian composers.

Henry Jeffries Ashley

It was but the other day that Mr. Ashley was sparkling with his accustomed drollery as the Spanish Grandee in the comic opera "Captain Fritz," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. He has fallen a victim to typhoid fever, which tragically affects the theatrical profession of late, Mr. Edward Righton being a sufferer at the present moment. Mr. Ashley began life as a civil engineer in the firm of Maudsley Sons and Field, but a love of the stage induced him to get into the company of Mr. Edmond Glover at the Gaiety, where he acted in minor parts until Mr. and Mrs. Wigan opened the St. James's Theatre in 1860. Having discovered a faculty for eccentric comedy in a piece called "Under the Rose," Mr. Ashley devoted himself to that form of dramatic art with considerable success, and obtained an engagement at the Adelphi, where he played for nearly seven years. Among other parts he appeared as William in Charles Reade's adaptation of Tennyson's "Dora." This was, as everybody knows, not a comic part, but Mr. Ashley played it well. He became more associated with humorous pieces in the course of a tour with Mr. Toole, and picked up something of the manner of that comedian. During the run of "The Great Divorce Case" at the Criterion, he was seen as Geoffrey Gordon. He also played Joskyn Tubbs in "The Pink Dominos." But Mr. Ashley had of late years more frequently appeared in comic operas, and several of his characters were conceived in a very droll spirit. He will be very much regretted, as his drollery had a refinement not always to be noticed in the representatives of the kind of characters he appeared in.

THE PROMPTER.

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

For Coarse Skin Diseases.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away Eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[Advt.]

HAD HIM THERE!

"He cut you out, and yet you were magnanimous enough to send him a wedding present, eh?"

"Yes; I sent him an *édition de luxe* of the 'Kreutzer Sonata.'"

The Aurophone.—The Deaf may Hear.—The Aurophone is a new scientific invention of an invisible apparatus to be worn in the ear. It is easily inserted or withdrawn by anyone, and will almost invariably restore hearing to anyone not stone deaf. It can be tested, absolutely free of cost, at the Aurophone Co.'s Rooms, 39, Baker-street, London. Pamphlet sent free and post paid.—[Advt.]

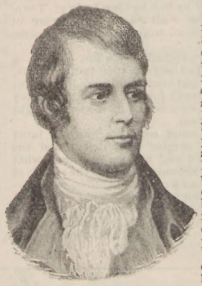
AN IDEA OF BLISS.

Teacher: "Now, little girl, I have told the class about the wicked place being paved with good intentions. Now what do you suppose heaven is paved with?"

L. G. (with a delightful recollection of a fresh-air picnic): "Oranges, 'am samwiches, an' pie!"

Scotland's Poet.

I am glad to welcome so well-established a favourite as Lockhart's "Life of Burns" in so cheap and popular a series as the "Minerva Library" (2s. Ward and Lock). Burns has had at least a dozen biographers, but *the* biographer has not yet arisen. Some have lacked even moderate toleration for his faults, others critical insight, and so on. Of them all, Lockhart's was the best: the least preachy, the most sympathetic. Mr. Ingram, who edits this edition, has enhanced its value by binding up with it Carlyle's famous essay on Burns, a portion of Professor Wilson's essay, and other material. The book may be commended as one of the best of modern biographies—not a storehouse of facts, like Lockhart's "Scott," but a capital sketch of the career of one of the greatest and most interesting of literary men.



ROBERT BURNS.

"Armorel of Lyonesse."

Those of my readers who do not bind their *Penny Illustrated* may be glad to have Mr. Walter Besant's story of "Armorel" in the three volumes in which Messrs. Chatto and Windus have just presented it. Some of us had hitherto only known Scilly as a place where the inhabitants "eked out a precarious existence by taking in each other's washing," but we have now quite other ideas on the subject, in which the figure of Armorel has no inconsiderable place.

"Virginie."

Another three-volume novel which I have read lately is "Virginie," by Val Prinsep (25s. 6d. Longmans). Mr. Val Prinsep has hitherto been known as a talented artist, and it might be thought a precarious experiment for him to attempt success as a novelist. But he has succeeded, nevertheless, and, if there is anything to complain of, it is that his three volumes were not compressed into two. The story opens a century ago at Sèvres, near Paris, which many of us have visited to see the china factory and the ruins of St. Cloud. Courtiers came to and fro between Paris and St. Cloud in those days, and the little wayside inn had much aristocratic patronage. It was thus that an aristocratic patron, a certain noble named La Beuace, came to woo and wed the innkeeper's daughter, Virginie. How the story then takes us into all the excitement and horror of the Revolution, I must leave my readers to discover for themselves.

Christmas in Another Clime.

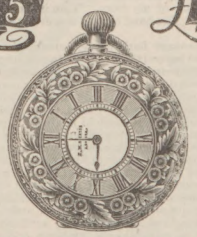
I must in a week or two devote myself to the Christmas stories, but here is one which has a strange peculiarity, in that it describes Christmas under quite different conditions to those we are accustomed to, or, at least, those which we like to think that we are accustomed to—conditions, that is, of frost and snow. In New Zealand they celebrate Christmas amid the chirping of birds and all the summer sights and sounds. This fact Miss (or Mrs.) McCosh Clark has considered in her "Southern Cross Fairy Tale" (Sampson Low and Co.), which is a pleasant mixture of fairies and gnomes, with instructive natural history pertaining to the Antipodes, and some delightful pictures of animal life.

TATLER.

The Speaker has appointed Mr. Henry Burt, general manager of the Hansard Publishing Union, printer of the Journals of the House of Commons, in succession to Mr. Henry Luke Hansard.

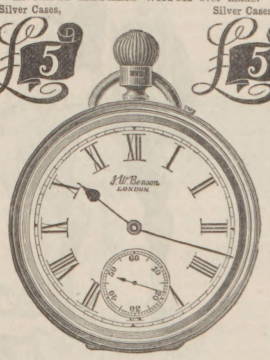
Your Child's Hair can be made still prettier. Hinde's Hair Curlers wave without heat. 6d. the box everywhere; or seven stamps from Hinde's (Ltd.), Birmingham.—[Advt.]

J.W. Benson's
"SPECIAL MAKE" LADIES'
KEYLESS LEVER WATCH.
In Silver Cases, £5 In Gold Cases, £10



BENSON'S LADIES' KEYLESS WATCH
Is a Three-quarter Plate LEVER, with Compound Balance, Ruby jewelled in 13 actions, Extra Strong Keyless work, each part Interchangeable throughout, thus making it the Cheapest and Best Watch ever made at the price.
Price £10 in Massive 18-ct. Gold Cases, Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, richly engraved or plain polished. With Monogram Engraved Free.
In Silver Cases, £5.
THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN SOLD. Performance warranted. Sent free and at our risk to all parts of the world.

J.W. Benson's
KEYLESS "BANK" WATCH
Cheapest, Strongest, and Best £5
ENGLISH KEYLESS WATCH ever made.
Silver Cases, £5 Silver Cases, £5



Best London make throughout. THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER, large Chronometer Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, extra strong Keyless Action, each part interchangeable. An Exact Timekeeper and the Best Value in the market. THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN SOLD.
Price £5, in Extra Strength Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases. Performance warranted.
Sent free at our risk to all parts of the world.
BENSON'S JEWELLERY, in fine Gems or Plain Gold of best London make. Many thousands of novelties at manufacturers' prices.
BENSON'S ENGAGEMENT RINGS, in endless variety, set with the finest Gems, and of best London make.
"Speciality" Brilliant Rings, at £5, £10, and £20. Selections free on receipt of reference.
BENSON'S PAMPHLET, the largest and best of its kind, containing nearly 300 pages of Prices and Illustrations of every class of WATCHES, from £2 2s. to £500, CLOCKS, CHAINS, JEWELLERY, and PLATE sent post free on application to
J.W. Benson Estab. 1749.
THE STEAM FACTORY,
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;
28, Royal Exchange, E.C.; and West End House, 25, Old Bond Street, W., LONDON.
BENSON'S CLUBS.—Applications for Agencies invited.

NO EXPLANATION NECESSARY.

Mrs. Skinner: "Yes, Mr. Pennywate, I am compelled to advance the price of your board one dollar on the week; you see, everything is so scarce and so dear, it is most impossible to supply the table."

Pennywate: "I don't doubt it in the least, Mrs. Skinner; the scarcity has been very apparent for some time."

LETTING HIM OFF EASY.

Prisoner: "I am an old man, your Honour; eighty-three on my last birthday. Be lenient with me, Sir."

The Judge: "I will. Being eighty-three years old, you have not long to live. I therefore make your term as light as I can. Instead of ten years, you go up for life."

Tobacconists Commencing.—Illd. Guide (229 pages, 3d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston-road, London.—Hy. Myers. Estab. 1866.—[Advt.]

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

Published by permission of, and special arrangement with, the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News."

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER VII.

IN the days that followed it seemed the cruse of contentment would never run dry, and I, foolish I, thought angry destiny had misled me, and that these green Saxon glades were to witness the final ending of my story. Vain hope! Illusive expectation! The hand of fate was even then raised to strike!

In that pleasant harbourage, outside the ken of ambition, and beyond the limits of avarice, surrounded by almost impenetrable mazes of forest land, life was delightful indeed. The sun shone yellow and big in those early days upon our oak-crowned hillocks—sometimes I doubt if it is ever so warm and ruddy now—and December storms told mightily in praise of the great Yule fires wherewith we defied the winter cold. In the summer time, when the sunny Saxon orchards sheltered the herds of kine in their flickering shadows, and the great droves of black swine lay a-basking among the ferns on the distant hangers, we lived more out of doors than in. Editha then would bring out under the oaks the little ruddy-cheeked Gurth, and set him upon my knee, that I might cut him reed whistles or bows and arrows, while the flaxen-haired Agitha played about her mother, tuning her pretty prattle to the merry clatter of the distaff and the wheel.

In the winter the blaze that went leaping and crackling from our hearthstones shone golden upon the hair of those little ones as they sat wide-eyed by me, and saw among the ruddy embers the white horse of Hengist and the banner of his brother winning these fertile vales for a noble Saxon realm. Never was there a better Saxon than I! And when I told of Harold, and softened to those tender ears the story of his dying, the bright drops of sympathy stood in my small maiden's eyes, while Gurth's flashed hatred of the false Norman and scorn of foreign tyrants. Under such circumstances it will readily be understood that I ought to have had little wish to draw weapons again or bestride the good charger growing so gross and sleek in his stall all this long peace time.

And yet the silken meshes of felicity were irksome against all reason, and I would grow weary of so much good fortune, finding my pretty deckings and raiment heavier—more burdensome wear—than ever was martial harness. My fair Saxon wife noticed these moods, and strove to mend them. She would take me out to the hawking, were I never so gloomy, and then I would envy the wild haggards of the rocks who got their living from day to day in the free mid air, and asked no favour of either gods or men. Or perhaps she would make revelries upon the level green before her homestead, and thither would come all the fools and pedlars, all the bear-baiters, somersaulters, and wrestlers of the shire. But I was not to be pleasured so, and I slew the bear in single combat, and tossed, vindictive, the somersaulters over the hucksters' stalls, and broke the ribs in the wrestlers' sides—till none would play with me, and all the people murmured. Then of a night, Editha got the best gleemen in Mercia to sing to me, and when they sang of peace, and sheep and orchards, or each praised his leman's moonlike eyes and slender middles, I would not listen. Nor was it better when they tuned their strings to martial ditties, for that doubled my malady, since then their rhyming stirred my soul to new unrest, making worse that which they sought to cure.

I sometimes think that it was all this to-do which brought Voewood under Norman notice. But, perhaps, it was the slow and steady advance of the invaders' power percolating like a rising tide into all the recesses of the land which drew us into the fatal circle of the despoilers, and not my waywardness. Be this as it may, the result was the same.

Over to the northward, a score of miles away, where the great road ran east, we heard from wandering strollers the Normans were passing daily. Then, later, there came in the news-budget of a Flemish pedlar tidings that the hungry foreigners had licked up all the fat meadows around the nearest town, had hung its alderman over the walls, and built a tower and dungeon (after their wont) in the middle of it. Yes! and these messengers of ill omen said there were left no men of note or Saxon blood to uphold the English cause—there was no proper speech in England but the Norman—there was no way of wearing a tunic but the Norman—nothing now to swear by but by Our Lady of Tours and Holy St. Bridget—all Saxon wives were in danger of kissing—and all Saxon abbots were become bare-footed monks!

Never was a country turned inside out so soon or quietly; and as I looked over our wide, fair meadows, and upon my sweet girl and her flaxen little ones, and thought how already for her I had risked my life, I could not help wondering how soon I might have to venture it again.

On apace came the outer conquest into our inner peace. Towns and burghs went down, and the hungry flames of lust and avarice fed upon what they destroyed. All the vales and hills the swords of Hengist and Horsa had won, and baptised with foemen's blood, in the mighty names of old Norsemen and Valhalla, were being christened anew to suit a mincing, latter tongue. Thane and franklin uncapped them at the roadside to these steel-bound swarms of ruthless spoilers, and nothing was sacred, neither deed nor covenant, neither having nor holding, which ran counter to the wishes of the western scourges of our English weakness.

When I thought of all this I was extraordinarily ill at ease, and, before I could settle upon how best to meet the danger, it came upon us, and we were overwhelmed. Briefly, it was thus. About twelve years after the battle where Harold had died, the Norman leader had, we heard, taken it into his head to poll us like cattle, to find the sum and total of our feus and lands, our serfs and orchards, and even of our very selves! Now, few of us Saxons but felt this was a certain scheme to tax and oppress us even more severely than the people had been oppressed in the time of St. Dunstan. Besides this, our free spirits rose in scorn of being counted and weighed and mulcted by plebeian emissaries of the usurper, so we murmured loud and long.

And those thanes who complained the bitterest were hanged by the derisive Normans on their own kitchen beams—on the very same hooks where they cured their mighty sides of pork—while those who complied but falsely with the assessor's commands were robbed of wife and heritage, children and lands, and shackled with the brass collar of serfdom, or turned out to beg their living on the wayside and sue the charity of their own dependants. Whether we would thus be hanged or outcast, or whether we would humble us to this hateful need, writing ourselves and our serfs down in the great "Doom's Day" book, all had to choose.

For my part, after much debating, and for the sake of those who looked to me, I had determined to do what was required—and then, if it might be, to bring all the Saxon gentlemen together—to raise these English shires upon the Normans, and with fire and sword revoke our abominable indenture of thraldom. But, alas! my hasty temper and my inability to stomach an affront in any guise undid my good resolutions.

Well, this mighty book was being compiled far and wide, we heard, in every shire: there were some men of good standing base enough to countenance it, and, taking the name of the King's justiciaries, they got together shorn monks—shaveling rascals who did the writing and computing—with reeves hungry for their masters' woodlands, and many other lean forsworn villains. This jury of miscreants went round from hall to hall, from manor to manor, with their scrips and pens and parchment, until all the land was being gathered into the avaricious Norman's tax roll.

They cast their greedy eyes at last on sunny, sleepy Voewood, though, indeed, I had implored every deity, old or new, I could recall that they might overlook it; and one day their hireling train of two score pikemen came ambling down the glades with a fat Abbot—a Norman rascal—at their head, and pulled up at our doorway.

"Hullo, there!" says the monk. "Whose house is this?"

"Mine," I said gruffly, with a secret fancy that there would be some heads broken before the census was completed.

"And who are you?"

"The Master of Voewood."

"What else?"

"Nothing else!"

"Well, you are not over-civil, anyhow, my Saxon churl," said the man of scrolls and goose-quills.

"Frankly," I answered, "Sir Monk, the smaller civility you look for from me to-day the less likely you are to be disappointed. Out with that infernal catechism of yours, and have done, and move your black shadows from my porch."

At this the clerk shrugged his shoulders—no doubt he did not look to be a very welcome guest—and coughed and spit, and then unfurled in our free sunshine a great roll of questions, and forthwith proceeded to expound them in bastard Latin, smacking of mouldy cathedral cells and cloister pedantry.

"Now, mark me, Sir Voewood, and afterwards answer truly in everything. Here, first, I will read you the declaration of your neighbour, the worthy thane Sewin, in order that you may see how the matter should go, and then afterwards I will question you yourself," and, taking a parchment from a junior, he began: "Here is what Sewin told us: *Rex tenet in Dominio Sohurst; de firma Regis Edwardi fuit. Tune se defendebat pro* 17 *Hidis; nihil geldaverunt. Terra est* 16 *Carucatæ; in Dominio sunt 2oe Curacatæ, and* 24 *Villani, and* 10 *Bordarij cum* 20 *Carucis. Ibi Eclesia quam Willelmus tenet de Rege cum dimidia Hida in Elemosina. Silva* 40 *Porcorum et ipsa est in parco Regis*"——

But hardly had my friend got so far as this in displaying the domesticity of Sewin the thane, when there broke a loud uproar from the rear of Voewood, and the tripping Latin came to a sudden halt as there emerged in sight a rabble of Saxon peasants and Norman prickers freely exchanging buffets. In the midst of them was our bailiff, a very stalwart fellow, hauling along and beating as he came a luckless soldier in the foreign garb just then so detestable to our eyes.

"Why," I said, "what may all this be about? What has the fellow done, Sven, that your Saxon cudgel makes such friends with his Norman cape?"

"What? Why, the graceless yonker, not content with bursting open the buttery door and setting all these scullion men-at-arms drinking my lady's ale and rioting among her stores, must needs harry the maidens, scaring them out of their wits, and putting the whole place in an uproar! As I am an honest man, there has been more good ale spilt this half-hour, more pottery broken, more linen torn, more roasts upset, more maids set screaming, than since the Danes last came round this way and pillaged us from roof to cellar!"

"Why, you fat Saxon porker!" cried the leader of the troops, pushing to the front, "what are you good for but for pillage? Drunken serf! An it were not for the politic heart of yonder King, I and mine would make you and yours sigh again for your Danish ravishers, looking back from our mastery to their red fury with sickly longing! Out on you! Unhand the youth, or by St. Bridget there will be a fat carcass for your crows to peck at!" and he put his hand upon his dagger.

Thereon I stepped between them, and, touching my jewelled belt, said: "Fair Sir, I think the rough has had no less than his deserts, and as for the Voewood crows they like Norman carrion even better than Saxon flesh."

The soldier frowned, as well he might, at my retort, but before we could draw, as assuredly we would have done, the monk pushed in between us, and the athelings of the commission, who had orders to carry out their work with peace and dispatch as long as that were possible, quieted their unruly rabble, and presently a muttering, surly order was restored between the glowering crowds.

"Now," said the scribe propitiatingly, anxious to amiably Sewin answered. question or two in Saxon, since, likely enough, you do not know the blessed Latin." (By the stones of Hengist, though, I knew it before the stones of that confessor's ancient monastery were hewn from their native rock!) "Answer truly, and all shall be well with you. First, then, how much land has Sewin?"

But I could not stand it. My spleen was roused against these braggart bullies, and, throwing discretion to the wind, I burst out, "Just so much as serves to keep me and mine in summer and winter!"

"And how many ploughs?"

"So many as need to till our cornlands."

"Rude boar!" said the monk, backing off into the group of his friends, and frowning from that vantage in his turn. "How many serfs acknowledge your surly leadership?"

"Just so many," I said, boiling over, "as can work the ploughs and reap the corn, and keep our land from greedy foreign clutches! There, put up your scroll and begone. I will not answer you!"

will not say how many pigeons there are in our dovecotes—how many fowls roost upon their perches—how many earthen pots we have, or how many maids to scrub them! Get you back to the Conqueror: tell him I deride and laugh at him for the second time. Say I have lived a longish life, and I never yet saw the light of that day when I profited by humility. Say I, the swart stranger who stabbed his rubbish courtier, and galloped away with the white maid, Editha of Voewood—I, who plucked the white flower from the very saddle-bow of his favourite, and thundered derisive through his first camp three on the eastern downs—nay, even I will find a way to keep and wear her in scorn of all that he can do! Out with you—begone!"

And they went, for I was clearly in no mood to be dallied with, while behind me the serfs and vassals were now mustering strongly, an angry array, armed with such weapons as they could snatch up in their haste, and wanting but a word or look to fall upon the little band of assessors and slay them at sight. Thus we won that hour—and many a long day had we to regret the victory.

My luck was against me that time. I hoped, so far as there was any hope or reason in my thoughtless anger, to have had a space to rouse our tyrannised thanes and their vassals upon these our tyrants, and I had dreamt, so combustible was the country and then, somehow perhaps the flame would come to light far and wide. I saw that abominable thing, Rebellion, for once linked hand in hand with her sweet rival, Patriotism, I saw the red flames of vengeance in the quarrel I had made my own sweeping through the land and lapping up with its hundred tongues every evidence of the spoilers! Yes! and even I had fancied that, an there were no true Saxon Princes for our English throne, there was still Editha, my wife; and if there were no swords left to fence a throne so filled, yet there was the sword of Phra the Phœnician! Vain fantasy! The faces of the Fates were averted.

Those hateful inquisitors had not gone many hours' journey northward, when, as ill-luck would have it, they fell in with a Norman Captain, Godfrey de Boville, and two hundred men-at-arms, marching to garrison a western city. To these they made their tale, and, ever ready for pillage and bloodshed, the band halted, and then turned into the woodlands where we had our lair.

The sun was low that afternoon when an affrighted herdsman came running in to me with the glad news he knew not how many soldiers were in the glades beyond. And before he could get his breath to tell his hasty message their prickers came out of the wood—the gallant Norman array (whose glitter has since grown dearer to me than the shine of a mistress's eyes) rode from under our oak-trees, the bannerets bannerets fluttered upon the evening wind—the trumpets brayed until our very rafters echoed to that warlike sound—the level twilight rays flashed back from those serried ranks and the steel panoply of the warriors in as goodly a martial show as ever, to that day, I had seen.

What need I tell you of the negotiations which followed while this silver cloud, charged with pride and cruelty, hung on the dusky velvet side of the twilight hill above us? What need be said of the swore between my teeth at the chance which had brought this swarm hither in a day rather than in the week I had hoped for, or how my heart burned with smothered anger and pride when we heard tamely answer their haughty summons to unconditional surrender?

Yet by one saving clause they did not attack us at once. Only to me was it clear how utterly impossible was it with the few rugged serfs at my command to defend even for one single onset that great manoir house against their overwhelming force. To them our strength was quite unknown: and, as night gathering darkness tempted the Norman, and put off the attack until the daylight came again, so did respite was our saving. It was not a saving that which I wish to dwell long, for a saving that glorious than the retreat of a wolf from his hiding-place when the shepherds fire the brake behind him.

All along the edge of the hill their watchfires presently twinkled out, and as Editha and Sven the Strong came to me in gloomy pass now upon the turret we could see the soldiers conference upon the before the blaze, we could hear their laughter and the snatches of their drinking-song, the hoarse cry of the wardens, and the champing and whinny of the chargers picketed under the starlight in lines upon our free Saxon turf. And for Sven and his great comrade hinds we knew to-morrow would bring the riveting of new and heavier collars than any they had worn as yet. For me and my countenance, they I feared it not, there could be naught but death—the absolution of a Norman sword; while for the sweetest her, that gentle, stately lady to whose pale face and my rough, unworthy pen can do no sort of justice—there was nameless degradation and half a wandering bully's tent.

The serf suggested with his rugged northern valour we should set light to the hall and, with the women and children in our midst, sally out and cut a way to

I, with bitterness and despair in my heart, unsheathed my Saxon sword.

freedom, and I knew the path he would choose would have been through the hostile camp. But his lady suggested better. She proposed both hind and gentlemen should steal away in the darkness, and, share valour here was hopeless, disperse over the countryside, and there, secure in their humbleness, await our future returning. We, on the other hand, would follow them through the friendly shadows that lay deep and nigh to the house on the unguarded side, and then turn us to a monastery some few miles away, where, if we could reach it, in Sanctuary and the care of one of the few remaining Saxon abbots, we might bide our chance, or at least make terms with our conquerors.

So it was settled, and soon I had all those kind, sloggy villains in the dining-hall standing there unarmed upon the rushes in the torchlight, and listening in melancholy silence to the plan, and then presently, with the dispatch our situation needed, they were slipping in twos and threes out of the little rearward portal and slinking off to the thickets.

Presently our turn came, and as I stood gloomy and stern in that voiceless, empty hall that was wont to be so bright and noisy, fingering my itching dagger and scowling out of the lattice upon the red gleam in the night air hanging over the Norman cow-fires, there came the fall of my wife's feet upon the stairway. In either hand she had a babe, swaddled close up against the night air, and naught but their bright wonder-brimming eyes showing as she hugged them tight against her sides. For them, for her alone, the frown gave way, and I stooped to turn at leaving thus the hall where she had been born and reared, and when, presently, in the shadows of the crowded oaks, she found all her slaves and bondsmen in a knot to wish her farewell, the tears that had been brooding long overflowed unrestrainedly.

Even I, who had dwelt among them but a space on my way from the further world of history towards their unknown future, could not but be moved by their uncouth love and loyalty. There were men there who had stood in arms with her father for a score of miles inland, and some who had grown with her in the goodly love and faith of thane and serviter as long as she herself had lived. These rugged fellows wept like children, called me father, *hlaford*, "bread bestower," and pressed upon her in silent sorrow, kissing her hands and the hem of her gown, and taking the little ones from her arms, and pressing their rude unshaven faces to their rosebud cheeks, until I feared that Gurth or Agitha might cry out, or some wall from that secret scene of sorrow would catch the ears of our watchful foemen.

So, as gently as might be, I parted the weeping mistress and her bondsmen, and set her upon a good horse. Even had stolen from the paddock, and, springing into the saddle of my own strong charger, gave my broad jewelled belt to the Saxon that he might divide it among his comrades, and, taking a long tough spear from his faithful hand, turned northward with Editha upon our dangerous journey.

We stole along as quietly as might be for some distance in safety, riding where the moss was deepest and the shadows thick, and then, just when we were the nearest to the Norman camp in the curve we were making towards the monastery beyond, those fill-conditioned invaders set up their evening trumpet-call. As the shrill notes came down into the dim straight glade, strong, clear, and martial in the ensuing quiet, they thrilled that gallant old charger I bestrode from the camp at Hastings down to his almost warlike fibre. He recognised the familiar sound—mayhap it was the very trumpet-call which had been fodder and stable to him for years—and, with ears pricked forward and feet that beat the dewy turf in union to his pleasure, he whinnied loud and long!

Nothing it availed me to smite my hand upon my breast at this deadly betrayal, or lay a warning finger upon his brave, unwitting, velvet nossle—luckless, accursed horse, the mischief was done! But yet, I will not abuse him, for the grass grows green over his strong, sleek limbs, and right well last night he amended his error! Hardly had his laugh gone into the stillness when the chargers in the stable answered it, and in a moment the men-at-arms and squires by the nearest fire were all on foot, and in another they had espied us and set up a shout that we dice the ready camp in a moment.

There was small time to think. I clapped my hand upon Editha's bridle rein and gave my own a smile, and away we went across the chequered moonlit glade. But so close had we been that a bow-string or two hummed in the Norman tents, and before we were fairly started I heard the rustle of the shafts in the leaves overhead. It was more than arrows we had to dread, and, turning my head for a moment ere we plunged again into dark vistas of the forest road, there, sure enough, was the pursuit streaming out after us, and gallant squires and knights tumbling into their saddles and shouting down behind us—a very pretty show, but a dangerous one.

By the souls of St. Dunstan and his forty monks! but I could have enjoyed that midnight ride had it been for the pale, brave rider at my side, and the little ones that lay fearfully a-nestling on our saddle-bows. For hours, the swift, keen gallop of our horses swallowed the unseen ground in tireless rhythm—all through the night, field and coppice and hanger swept by us as we passed from glade to glade and woodland to woodland — now 'twas a lonely forester's hut that shone for a moment in ghostly whiteness between the tree-stems with the night-shine on its lifeless face, and anon we sped through droves of Saxon swine, sleeping upon the roadway under their oak-trees, round a muffled swineherd. And the great forest stags stayed the fraying of their antlers against the tree-trunks in the dark coppices as we flew by, and the startled wolf yelped and snarled upon our path as our fleeting shadows o'ertook him; and then, there, ever behind, low, remorseless, stern, came the murmuring hoof-beats of our pursuers, now rising and now falling upon the light breath of the night-wind, but ever, as our panting steeds strode shorter and shorter, coming nearer and nearer, clearer and clearer.

Had this sombre race, whereof Death held the stakes, continued so as it began, straight on end, I do not think we could have got away. But when we had ridden many an hour, and the heavy streaks of white foam were marking Editha's horse with dreadful suggestion, and his breath was coming hot and husky through his wide red nostrils, for a moment or two the sound of the pursuers stopped. Blessed respite! They had missed the woodland road—but for all too short a space. We had hardly made good four or five hundred yards of advantage when, terribly near to us, sounded the call of one of their horsemen, and soon all the others were in his footsteps again. This one, he who now led the pursuers by, perhaps, a quarter of a mile, gained on us stride by stride, until I could stand the thud of his horsehoofs on the turf behind no more. "Here!" I said fiercely to Editha, "take Gurth," and put him with his sister in her arms, then, bidding them ride slowly forward, turned my good charger and paced him slowly back towards the oncoming knight, with stern anger smouldering in my heart.

There was a smooth, wide bit of grassy road between us in that centre, midnight Saxon forest. And never a gleam of light fell upon that ancient thoroughfare; never the faintest, thin white finger of a star pierced the black canopy of boughs overhead; it was as black as the kennel of Cerberus, and as I sat my panting war-horse I could not see my own hand stretched out before me—yet there, in that grim blackness, I met the Norman lance to lance, and sent his spirit whirling into the outer space!

I let him come within two hundred yards, then suddenly rose in my stirrups and, shouting Harold's warcry, since I did not deign to fall upon him unawares, "Out! Out! England! England!" awaited his answer. It came in a moment, strange and inhuman in the black stillness, "Rou! Ha Rou! Notre Dame!" and then—muttering between my tight-set teeth that surely that road was the road to hell for one of us—I bent my head down almost to my horse's ears, drove the spurs into him, and, gripping my long keen spear, thundered back upon my unseen foeman. With a shock that startled the browsing hinds a mile away, we were together. The Norman spear broke into splinters athwart my body—but mine, more truly held, struck him fair and full—I felt him like a great dead weight upon it, I felt his saddle-girths burst and fly, and then, as my own strong haft bent like a willow wand and snapped close by my hand, that midnight rider and his visionary steed went crashing to the ground. Bitterly I laughed as I turned my horse northwards once more, and from a black cavern-mouth on the hillside an owl echoed my grim merriment with ghastly glee.

Well, the night was all but done, yet were we not out of the toils. A little farther on, Editha's floundering steed gave out, and, just as we saw the pale turrets of the monastery shining in the open a mile ahead of us, the horse rolled over dead upon the grass and bracken.

"Quick, quick!" I said, "daughter of Hardicanute," and the good Saxon girl had passed the little ones to the pummel and put her own foot upon my toe and sprung on to my saddle crupper sooner than it takes to tell. Ah! and the nearer we came to our goal the closer seemed to be the throb and beat of the pursuing hoofs behind. And many an anxious time did I turn my head to watch the rogues closing with us, now over and anon in sight, and many a word of encouragement did I whisper to the gallant charger whose tireless courage was standing us in such good case.

Noble beast! right well had he atoned his mistake that evening, and in a few minutes more we left the greenwood, and now he swept us over the Abbot's fat meadows, where the white morning mist was lying ghostly in wreaths and wisps upon the tall wet grass, and then we staggered into the foss and spurned the short turf, and so past the chequered cloisters, and pulled up finally at a low postern-door I had espied as we approached the nearest wall of the noble Saxon monastery. Surely never was a traveller in such a hurry to be admitted as I, and I beat upon that iron-studded door with the knob of my dagger in a way which must have been heard in every cell of that sacred pile.

"My friend," said a reverend head which soon appeared at a little window above, "is this not unseemly haste at such an hour, and my Lord Abbot not yet risen to matins?"

"For the love of Heaven, father," I said, "come down and let us in!" for by this time the Normans were not a bow-shot away, and it still looked as if we might fall into their hands.

"Why," said the unwotting monk, "no doubt the hospitality of St. Olaf's walls was never yet refused to weary strangers, but you must go round to the lodge and rouse the porter there—truly he sleeps a little heavy, but no doubt he will admit you eventually."

"Sir Priest," I shouted in my rage and fear, as the good old fellow went meandering on, "our need is past all nicety of etiquette! Here is Editha of Voewood, the niece of your holy Abbot himself, and yonder are they who would harry and take her. Come down, come down, or by the Holy Rood our blood will for ever stain your ungenerous lintel!"

By this time the horsemen were breasting the smooth green glacis that led up to the monastery walls—half a dozen of them had outlived that wild race—the reins were upon their smoking chargers' necks, their reeking spurs red and ruddy with their haste, the spattered clay and loam of many-a woodland rivulet chequering their horses to the shoulders, and each rider as he came shouting and clapping his hands upon the foam-speckled neck of these panting steeds that strained with thundering feet to the last hundred yards of green sward and the prize beyond.

Nearer and nearer they came, and my fair, tall Saxon wife put down her little ones by the opening of the door and covered them with her skirt as she turned her pale, white, tearless face to the primrose flush of the morning. And I—with bitterness and despair in my heart—unsheathed my Saxon sword and cast the scabbard fiercely to the ground, and stood out before them—my bare and heaving breast a fair target for those glistening oncoming Norman lances!

And then—just when that game was all but lost—there came the sweet patter of sandalled feet within, bolt by bolt was drawn back; willing hands were stretched out; the mother and her babes were dragged from the steps—even my charger was swallowed by the friendly shelter, and I myself was pulled back lastly—the postern slammed to, and, as the great locks turned again, and the iron bars fell into their stony sockets, we heard the Norman chargers' hoofs ringing on the flagstones, and the angry spear-heads rattling on the outer studs of that friendly oaken doorway.

Thus was the gentle franklin saved; but little did I think in saving her how long I was to lose her. I had but stabled my noble beast down by the Abbot's own palfrey, and fed and watered him with loving gratitude, and then had gone to Editha and my own supper (waited on by many a wondering, kindly one of these corded, russet Brothers), when that strange fate of mine overtook me once again. I know not how it was, but all on a sudden the world melted away into a shadowy fantasy, my head sank upon the supper board, and there—between the goodly Abbot and the fair Saxon lady—I fell into a pleasant, dreamless sleep.

(To be continued.)

OUT OF FASHION IS OUT OF THE WORLD.

Aunt Kate (severely): "Penelope, I saw Tom Barry kiss you last evening. You should not let him do so until you are engaged, at least."

Penelope: "Oh, he says that all the girls let him."

WANTED TO KNOW THE PARTICULARS.

Poet's Wife (reading): "Here's an account of the death of a poet."

Poet (dejectedly): "Where did he starve?"

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES. These famous Troches are sold everywhere at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles if allowed to progress, result in serious pulmonary and asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government stamp around each box.—[ADVT.]

WHEN THE HONEYMOON WANED.

Mr. Paddock Field: "Remember that you took me for better or for worse."
Mrs. Field: "Oh, Paddy! I know that I took you for a good deal better than you are."

The *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REGNIS.—You do require a license.

W. J. KING.—In the case to which you refer, although there was a promise of a future gift (without consideration), the promise had never been carried out. We do not see that you can recover anything. The only suggestion we can make is that you should still try to persuade your father to carry out the promise.

INGENS.—The course that you contemplate is perilously near to, if, indeed, it would not be an infringement of copyright. The question in such cases is whether the book is the honest labour of the defendant in the copyright action (which might be brought against you). The mere insertions of slight deviations will not help you. We must advise you not to take the course you mention.

IN DUBIIS.—The question in your case depends upon whether yours was a weekly employment, either by express arrangement or by the custom of the trade. If it were a weekly hiring, then we think that you might legally contend that you were entitled to the notice; but you must be prepared to show that you did not refuse to obey any reasonable commands of your employer.

J. T., being a debt-collector, wishes to know whether, as the debtors will not pay the balances due from them, he can take or send a bailiff or an auctioneer and "mark the furniture," and sell it for the amounts they owe. Certainly not, unless the money is due for rent, or on a judgment. Then, of course, distress or execution can be levied in the usual way. Otherwise, the only remedy is to sue in the County Court for the debt, and then enforce payment through the bailiff of the County Court.

QORY.—If you can prove that you have returned the jars to the spirit merchants in good condition you are entitled to sue in the County Court for the money.

JOHN.—Under the circumstances stated in your letter, the period within which you can sue upon the promissory note runs from the date of the last payment of interest, which payment is an admission of continued liability. There are two signatures to the note. If either of the persons who made the promissory note did not join in the payment of interest, and has given no other acknowledgment, such person will escape, and only the one who has paid such interest remains bound. Of course, to succeed at all you must show a payment of interest within six years.

TRADE MARK.—Write the Registrar of Trade Marks, Patent Office, London, for an answer to your inquiry.

LOW.—You do not mention the age of the girl, but, under the circumstances stated in your letter, as she seems to be already away in service, there need not be any apprehension of any criminal charge merely because she wishes to go to, or keep in, service or marry the man.

LEX.

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

LOSS OF H.M.S. SERPENT.

Mr. J. R. Wells has drawn a portrait of the ill-fated ship of war Serpent, wrecked with a loss of 173 lives, off Cape Buey, on the north-west coast of Spain, on Nov. 10; and we also print a group of the officers, whose deaths are mourned in many English homes. The Duke of Edinburgh is raising a national fund for the relief of the widows and orphans; and to this fund the Queen and her humblest subjects are promptly subscribing. The Queen has contributed £50, the Prince of Wales 25 gs., the Duke of Edinburgh £100, and the Duchess of Edinburgh 25 gs. From the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association comes a substantial £500, while that ancient body the Trinity House Brethren give £105, Lord St. Levan £100, and the Earl of Northbrook £50. The Lord Mayor receives subscriptions at the Mansion House.

The three survivors are sketched on another page. They have arrived in England. As described by Burton, the wreck of the Serpent must have been of a terrible description, but, whatever agony was felt by the poor fellows, there is by good fortune sufficient evidence to show that the heroism of the British sailor was maintained to the last. In a quarter of an hour after the vessel's striking Captain Ross, seeing that the ship could not be saved, shouted out, "Save yourselves, men, as best you can." Before the men could realise the awful nature of this order another sea swept the ship, which heeled over until she was almost broadside on, and the officers on the bridge were swept into the sea, besides a large number of those who had taken refuge in the rigging. By this terrible wave Burton was washed out of the rigging. He contrived after a time to regain the ship by the aid of his life-belt, but another wave carried him away, and he then endeavoured to keep himself aloof from the surf, which burst with awful violence on the rocky coast. As Burton cleared the ship he passed a large number of dead bodies of those who had been previously washed away. For two hours he battled with the waves, in utter ignorance of the fate of the ship and comrades left behind. Although during the two hours he was constantly dashed against rocks, his only injury was a bruised knee, and at last, finding himself in shallow water, he climbed the remaining rocks and waded ashore. Orders have been received at Devonport directing a court-martial on the survivors of the Serpent to be held there as soon as the men are convalescent.

The sixth Session of the twelfth Parliament of Queen Victoria was opened at two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon last by Commission. The Commission opening Parliament having been read, Black Rod was dispatched to the Commons to request the attendance of the Deputy Speaker at the bar of the House of Lords to hear the Queen's Speech. Mr. Courtney and other members of the House of Commons having gone to the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor read her Majesty's Speech, which foreshadowed an Irish Land Purchase Bill and a Tithes Bill, with the less certain possibility of an Irish Local Government Bill.

Several papers have announced, says *Truth*, that the Queen is to spend Christmas at Windsor, and that she is to be "surrounded" at the castle by "a great family circle." The Queen is to be at Osborne during the Christmas holidays, and her "circle" will consist only of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg.

Princess Victoria of Prussia was, on the 19th inst., married to Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe. The civil ceremony was performed by Herr Von Wedell (Minister of the Royal House), in the large hall of the Empress Frederick's Palace, and the religious marriage subsequently took place in the Chapel of the Royal Palace. The Royal family, the Court officials, and a number of distinguished guests were present. At the dinner the health of the young couple was proposed by the Emperor. On the return of the Queen gave a grand dinner at Windsor to celebrate her granddaughter's marriage.

The Countess of Rosebery died early on the morning of the 19th at Dalmeny House, Edinburgh. She had been ill of typhoid fever since Oct. 8. The Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales were among the first to telegraph their condolences to the bereaved Earl. At her wedding, twelve years ago, the Prince of Wales and Lord Beaconsfield were present.

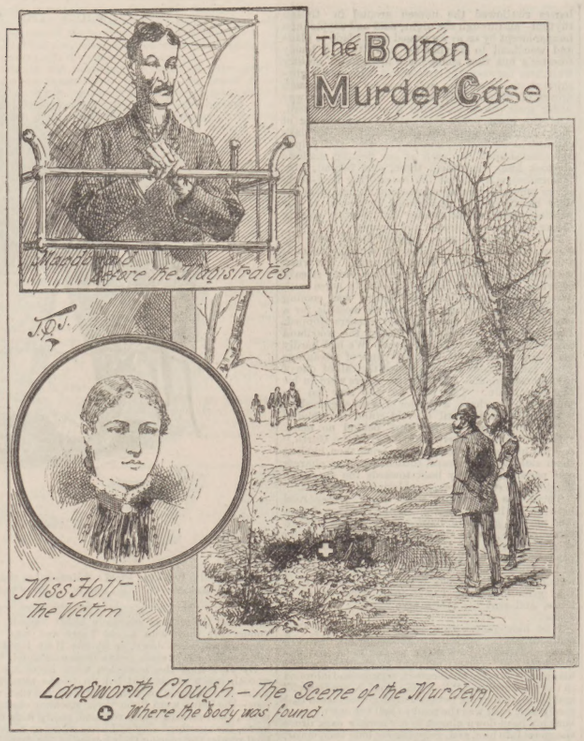
William III., King of the Netherlands, died at the Castle of Loo on Sunday morning last; he was in his seventy-fourth year. His Majesty had been restless for two days previously. The Queen remained by the bedside the whole night, and was present at the end. The throne is now occupied by a pretty little girl of ten years of age, Queen Wilhelmina.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess and two of their daughters, opened a Sporting and Art Exhibition at King's Lynn, on Monday, the object being to promote a covert fund for the West Norfolk Foxhounds. In acknowledging expressions of thanks and welcome, the Prince observed that in no county of England was sport more enjoyed and sought after than in Norfolk, and he thought there was no nobler or finer sport than fox-hunting.

Mr. Justice Charles and a jury had before them on the Thursday and Friday of last week the trial of an action to recover damages for breach of contract brought by Mr. Buchanan against Mrs. Langtry. The plaintiff said the defendant engaged him to write a play for her to be produced in New York, and that when he sent the manuscript of "Lady Gladys" to her it was returned as unsuitable. In cross-examination, Mr. Buchanan suggested that Mrs. Langtry had decided to reject the play before it reached her. This the defendant denied, and said that the part assigned to her in the play was that of a mean and vindictive character, and could not command the sympathy or interest of the audience. The jury returned a verdict for Mr. Buchanan for £150.

George Rice, the signalman who was on duty at Norton Fitzwarren on Nov. 11 when the disaster happened to the Cape Express, was tried at the Somerset Assizes on Saturday last for manslaughter. The jury found him "Not guilty" of negligence, indorsed the view that trains should not be shunted on main lines, and expressed the opinion that no man should be in the signal-box all night alone, especially a man of Rice's age.

At the resumed inquest on the body of Miss Lizzie Holt, the victim of the Bolton murder, Honor Barnes, aunt of the man Macdonald who is under arrest, stated that on the morning of the crime Macdonald went to her and confessed that he had been "after murdering Lizzie Holt." A *P.I.P.* Artist portrays the victim and the accused, and depicts the scene of this terrible outrage and murder.



JOCKEYS' WINNING AND LOSING MOUNTS.

BY OUR RACING CONTRIBUTOR.

This year little interest attached to the returns of jockeys' winning and losing mounts. Tom Loates was long ago virtually sure to be at the

Top of the List,

barring accidents. He can ride at so handy a weight that he gets many more opportunities than most of his experienced rivals. Unless he changes greatly in constitution, he ought to be able to keep pretty much as he now is, and most certainly has a wonderfully lucrative career before him, as I said before.

Barring Accidents.

Between George Barrett, with 105 wins to Loates's 149, and brother Fred, 41 wins, is a wide margin. George nowadays does not put on flesh much in the winter. He walks only 8 st. 5 lb. or so out of the season. Poor Fred was intended by nature for very comfortable build. All he eats or drinks does him good visibly, in the way of making him fill his clothes better, and goodness knows what size he would grow if he gave up riding. Very soon he would be a formidable rival in proportions to the broad-backed Teddy Weever, the Moreton-in-the-Marsh trainer. One can hardly look at the great Teddy and imagine what he must have been once on a time, when he could ride 5 st. 7 lb. Next to Teddy in bigness trainer I know is Stripp, who for a long time has settled in France. Yet I can recollect Stripp as a light-weight jockey.

Considering that Watts is so well on towards 90, he makes a fine return with 85 wins. John has been extremely fortunate in getting chance rides in big races, which went to his credit. It is a treat to see Watts alongside some of the small fry, who are made so much of as soon as they win a race or two. He, like his old master, Tom Cannon, gets a lot out of a horse without knocking it about—very different style from the bucketing and joint-cracking method of certain so-called crack light-weights. Sam Loates, who scored 82 times, and wound up the season with a win on Darlington, has done well.

Few of the young school can get a horse home that wants riding so well as Rickaby. He landed 78 races. Verily it seems but yesterday since he won his first race. That was at Kempton Park, when Fred Archer kindly shepherded the little lad to the starting-post, and, to his disappointment, found in return for his attentions that the "little lad" came and beat him. Fagan's 68 (all of them gained in the North. Calder, who comes next (61 wins), is very strong in finishing, and a good judge of pace too. He has come on greatly during the last two years. Tom Cannon has been able to keep at work: his health has been good since 1889. Many of his successes were scored for Jennings wood's stable, which for a time seemed quite unable to do wrong. His finishes on L'Abbesse de Jouarre were remarkable, but in so saying I do not mean to suggest that he was not generally in his best form.

James Woodburn has grown stronger, and proportionately more useful. At his weight he takes a lot of beating by the best of the others.

White's average is not up to last year's, but he has done a good deal more riding. Old Johnny Osborne has not had an altogether good season, though his nephews George and Dick have helped to keep up the family reputation. Besides these, two other members of the clan are well before the public. The elder brother, Tom, is a remarkably painstaking and successful trainer. I could not name a more striking sample of old-headed young men. With the steadiness of his elders, Chaloner has the keenness of the later school, though by no means one of the Young England sort, who are as big swells in their way as the greatest swells among aristocratic owners.

The Greatest Sufferer,

through the light weight at which our handicaps begin, is Fred Webb, who has to waste hard all through the season to keep down to about 7 st. It does seem a pity that so splendid a horseman as Webb should get no more than ninety-six mounts in the course of the season, and it must be very galling to mind, too, that a large proportion of these bounts in horses engaged in welter races of Jockey Club portance. If only we might have Jockey Club minimum raised to 6 st. 7 lb. a lot of professors might get riding, instead of inexperienced boys, who throw backers' and their masters' money away.

Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman
Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman
Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman
Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman Elliman

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION,

For RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, LUMBAGO, CUTS, BRUISES, CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT from COLD, STIFFNESS.

TRAINING.

Walter A. Lidington, Esq., Handicapper and Starter, West Kent Harriers, writes:—

"For running and cycling it is invaluable, and we would not be without it under any consideration."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. Barton, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."

PREPARED ONLY BY

ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., SLOUGH.

1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Of all Chemists.

W. J. PEALL,
THE GREAT LITTLE BILLIARD PLAYER.

A P.I.P. Artist—the dexterous draughtsman who is now a well-known figure at most metropolitan gatherings having to do with athletics or pastimes—has drawn a characteristic sketch of Peall playing at billiards with Mitchell at the Royal Aquarium. The sketch was made during last week's match, which was won, it is true, by Mitchell, but which did not by any manner of means eclipse Peall's wonderful achievement early in this present month of November. As "Banshee" remarked, W. J. Peall, playing in a match at the Aquarium, won the £50 offered by Messrs. Wright for a break of 3000 (receiving the £50 note, and also a gold watch from Kendal and Dent when he had scored 3001), and continued by making it into a

Break of 3304,

his concluding series of spot strokes numbering 400. Altogether, in that memorable week, Peall made 7757 in four breaks—a feat which will, no doubt, greatly conduce to the popularity as a professor of billiards when he opens Peall's own room at Thurston's billiard manufactory in Catherine-street, Strand.

Born in London,

Dec. 31, 1854, W. J. Peall began playing billiards at about thirteen years of age; so he may be said to have taken the cue at an early period of life. He is well known and esteemed in suburbious Brixton, where he lives. Beginning to play as an amateur, Peall found it very difficult to match himself with anyone. So he entered the ranks of professionals, undismayed by the fact that such splendid players as John Roberts jun., Cook, and Bennett held the field. Peall has had no cause to regret the step he then took.

Of the Billiard Feats

placed to his credit, in addition to the marvellous break this November of 3304, the most noteworthy are these: Peall has made over 2000 in a break at least six times; Peall holds the record for the highest break off the red ball alone, spot stroke barred—playing against Roberts, he scored 222; Peall has played the fastest game of 1000 up—namely, forty minutes; Peall, prior to his famed 3304, made a break of 2413 on Nov. 6, 1884. Truly

A Jubilant Peall

should ring out from Thurston's when W. J. Peall is installed in his new room there! It may be of interest to add that Peall is judiciously temperate (he never smokes, and drinks but very little); that he is but five feet and half an inch in height—rather a disadvantage to him when playing spot stroke barred; and that he sensibly keeps himself in good condition by taking a considerable amount of bicycle exercise in the summer.

THE RACING WORLD

At Manchester.

In the last stages of the flat-racing season one felt inclined to express like sentiments to those of the Laureate apropos the old year, and be quite pleased when it had died. Existence under the winding-up conditions of the campaign inaugurated by Normandy's win at Lincoln was not worth having. There was no fun in being about while murky showers soaked and sopped your clothes, the country, horses, jockeys, and everything capable of getting wet. Such miserably bad going one seldom if ever sees off low-lying plough-lands. As a rule, the air was thick, so that you had difficulty in distinguishing riders' colours. Fields were inconveniently large, and, if the weather had been bright and clear, picking out the different runners could not be easy work. Everywhere people crowded, scrouged, pushed, shoved, and were, generally speaking, surly. All round there was no suspicion of pleasure, and great discomfort in business. The old season lay a-dying, and general vote was

That the Sooner it Died

and was done with the better for all.

Parlington's Win

in the November Handicap was the redeeming feature of the meeting. No better sportsman than the Duke of Beaufort can be quoted. The sometimes customary mysterious tactics employed in working commissions for Alec Taylor's stable were not used on this occasion. A straight tip was given on the day before the race by starting Hebrides in the Lancashire Plate, and leaving Rêve d'Or at home. Everyone could see plainly enough that

Parlington was the One,

and was at liberty to back him. Many who had fancied the colt were put off through his bad running in the Cesarewitch. Those who stood by the market reaped reward. The Duke's representative won very handsomely indeed, and finished strongly through the mud. Shall We Remember, who was second, has been very unlucky—so frequently dangerous, but not fated quite to get home. The surprise of the race was furnished by little Ringmaster, who is only a Galloway. Some time ago I heard a great deal about champion Galloways, and fancied I should like to make a match with a dark horse under fifteen hands high. As it happened, I failed to find a customer. My champion would have been the Australian, for whom I held a regulation veterinary certificate. Friends who have run several horses under Galloway rules tell me that if I could have made a match I was not sure to win, because in that sort of racing the running is so differently managed. In a mile contest they start as if no more than a furlong were to be covered, and rub along as hard as they are able all the way. To return to the Manchester November Handicap, Ringmaster, before he was sent in to get to the front, must have been 150 yards to the bad. He made up ground surprisingly, and came at such a pace for the last furlong that he really looked like catching Parlington. Raising the weights 13 lb. made it bad for the sturdy Antipodean, who is not built for carrying high weights.

Lord Cholmondeley

had the honour of riding the winner of the last flat race of the Jockey Club season. Mervyn, his mount, is undoubtedly extremely useful, for though Warlaby is out of his distance at a mile and a quarter, Knight of Ruby might not be quite wound up, and Skrine, awkward for a professor to ride, not to mention his being handled by Mr. Milner. Despite these discounting considerations, there was a good deal of merit about his win.

Few who used to see Lord Cholmondeley two or three years ago ever guessed that he would go in for wasting and get his weight down as he has. His Lordship has not had much experience yet, but he has the makings of a good man for an amateur.

With regret most old patrons said

Adieu to Croydon Racecourse.

It served useful purpose in its day, but, though sorry to see it go out of the list of courses, one cannot but admit it had outlasted its time.

Nervousness in Men is seriously on the increase. Check it at once, by wearing one of Harness' Electropathic Belts. They are a perfect boon to all sufferers from nervous, muscular, or organic weakness. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. Pamphlet and consultation free on application to the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Address letters to Mr. C. B. Harness, President.—[Advt.]

Lost Vitality Restored.—The Mexican Life Pills, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases.—Haynes and Co., Wednesbury.—[Advt.]

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

The People's Typewriter
THE
"MERRITT."

This is exact copy of The "MERRITT'S work. It is equal to that of any High Priced Typewriter. Relieves fatigue from steady use of pen. Improves spelling and punctuation. Interests and instructs children. The entire correspondence of a business house can be done with it. Learned in a half hour from directions. Prints capitals, small letters, figures and characters, 78 in all. Price £3.3.0. complete. British Depot 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

BEAUTIFUL TEETH, THE CROWN OF BEAUTY.

When other charms have faded, a sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance; but they should be brushed every day with **Sozodont**, in order to keep them white, or to render them so. This celebrated liquid

SOZODONT
FOR THE TEETH

is **purely botanic** in its composition, and is **entirely free** from any ingredient which could injure the teeth. On this account alone it is vastly preferable to the ordinary tooth powders and tooth pastes, which contain either gritty particles that wear away the enamel, or corrosive ingredients which dissolve it; and **Sozodont** has largely superseded all articles of its class—a fact which affords the best proof which can be furnished of its superior qualities.

Sold by all Chemists at **2s. 6d.**

BRITISH DEPOT:

46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

TORPID LIVER

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. TRADE MARK

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

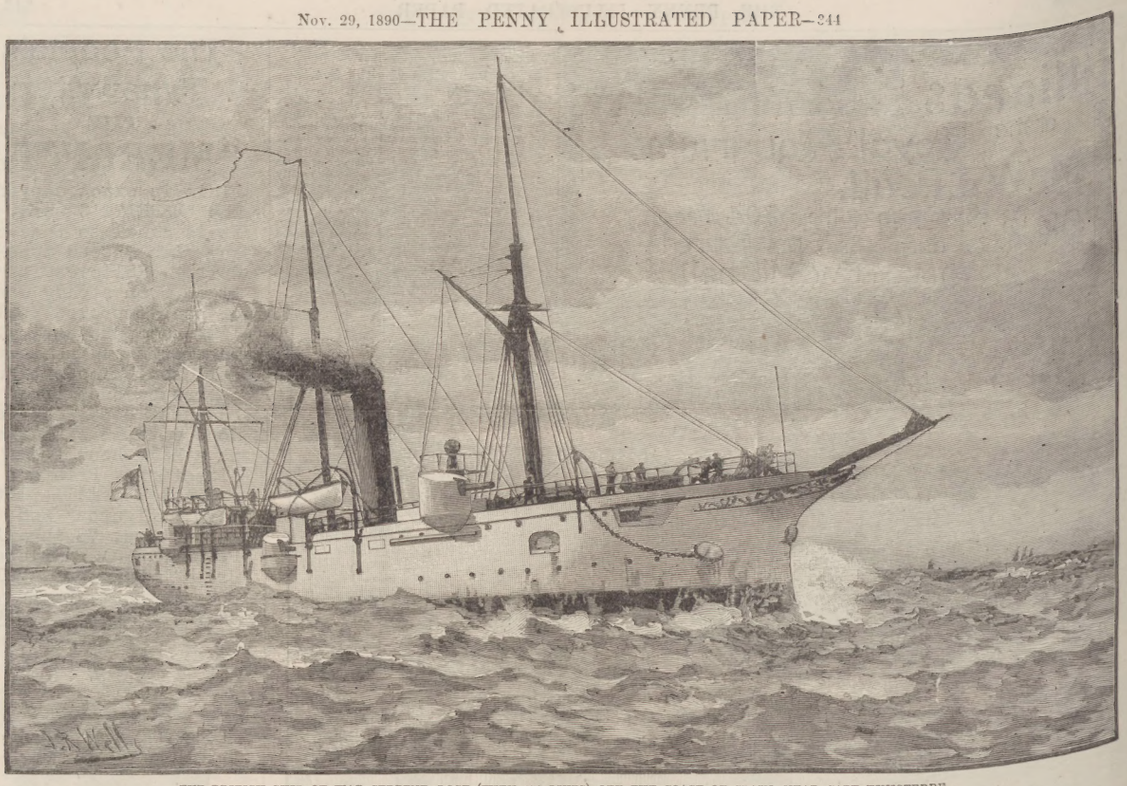
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1½d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.

Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine. Get a Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. Acts directly on the seat of Pain. Externally it cures Scalds, Burns, Boils, Sprains, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Stings and Bites of Insects, &c. Internally it cures Colds, Liver Complaints, Headache, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Diarrhœa, Cholera, &c. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Avoid Imitations under misleading names.

PAIN KILLER.



THE BRITISH SHIP OF WAR SERPENT, LOST (WITH 173 LIVES) OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN, NEAR CAPE FINISTERRE.

T. Macleod, Lieutenant. P. N. Richards, Lieut. F. Holsgrove, Gunner. F.V. Head, Engineer. Guy Greville, Lieutenant. W. Edwards, Engineer.

W. M. Rae, Staff Surgeon. H. L. Ross, Commander. J. J. Robins, Chief Engineer. J. Dixon, Paymaster.

THE LATE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. SERPENT, DROWNED AT SEA NEAR CAPE FINISTERRE.

From a Photograph by Mr. H. Simmons, Notte-street, Plymouth.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

THE courageous lady who by sheer industry, as muchas by her extraordinary beauty of face and form, won exceptional success on the stage, unquestionably possesses all the natural qualifications for an ideal Cleopatra. Her greatest admirer could not laud Madame Sarah Bernhardt for her beauty. But Mrs. Langtry is quite deservedly renowned as one of the handsomest gentlewomen of her time. Her large and lustrous grey-blue eyes and her rare charm of person have fascinated countless people. Hence was Mrs. Langtry amply justified in boldly essaying to represent the arduous part of Cleopatra in the really magnificent "revival of Shakspere's "Antony and Cleopatra," with which she has brilliantly inaugurated her management of the Princess's Theatre. So vividly and so resplendently are the costumes of ancient Rome and Egypt realised at the Princess's, so radiant and realistic are the elaborate pageants, and so supremely lovely is the captivating Egyptian Queen herself, that I am not a bit surprised to learn from Mr. Gilbert Tate, Mrs. Langtry's zealous business manager, that the booking in advance is very great for "Antony and Cleopatra."

Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Coghlan are portrayed by F.I.P. Artist in one of their most effective scenes. They are undeniably well matched. The seductiveness of this graceful Cleopatra with the lodestone eyes cannot be gainsaid—save by the stoic scribes armour-proof against womanly charms. Most alluring Mrs. Langtry indubitably as Cleopatra. Nature equipped her for the character. The superb costumes she wears so well enhance her bright beauty. As an actress she has vastly improved. Her delivery is more and more strong. Nightly becoming more a bound at home in the rôle, Mrs. Langtry begins of her beauty, to attract large audiences to the Princess's. As for Mr. Coghlan's Antony, I have never seen a robuster or more powerful Samson bewitched by the Egyptian Siren that Shakspere drew. He is a lusty, vigorous Antony, of the type Phelps would have rejoiced to have in his Shaksperean company in the good old Sadler's Wells days. The famous of Mr. Arthur Stirling was instinct with qualities this distinguished actor is noted for—elocution notably clear, individuality admirably strong. Aptly graceful are Miss Amy Lisle and Miss F. Harwood as Charmian and Iras. Worthy a special word of praise is an earnest Young actor of marked merit, Mr. Charles Burleigh, whose fire and enthusiasm in the young part of Eros indicate that he is capable of doing better things. Well aware that the playgoing public dearly love a glittering show, Mrs. Langtry appears to have given the Hon. Lewis Wingfield *carte blanche* in the designing of the costumes. Hence the series of tableaux that fairly dazzle and delight the eyes. As well done as a Terpsichorean spectacle at the Alhambra or Empire is the grand Alexandrian festival, in which Madame D'Auban and Miss Madge Greet celebrate Day and Night amid a rainbow feast of colours and light—veritably a voluptuous ballet, cleverly devised by Mr. D'Auban. Similarly effective is the triumphal reception of Antony by Cleopatra. In short, now that the performance is so well that it is concluded shortly after eleven, the moving tragedy closed by Cleopatra's sensational death is effective from first to last.

Signor Lago's too brief autumn season of Grand Italian Opera at Covent-Garden ends this Saturday evening with a final performance of Wagner's "Tannhäuser," for the benefit of the enterprising and accomplished impresario, who deserves the hearty support of the musical public for the brilliantly successful Lago campaign of the chiefly memorable for the grand success of the sisters Giulia and Sofia Ravogli in Gluck's beautiful classic opera "Orfeo," a truly enchanting performance; for the costly engagement of Mme. Albani (at £120 a night) to sing in "La Traviata," "Lohengrin," "Les Huguenots"—in all of which the incomparable Canadian prima donna was in excellent voice; for the reappearance of Miss Ella Russell and Mr. Macintyre (sweetest of Marguerites); and for the admirable revival of "The Star of the North," a magnificent opera, to be repeated on Monday night. Signor Lago and his experienced and hard-worked business manager, Mr. J. D. Mohr-Gardiner, will be glad of a rest.

Notice of "London Assurance," at the Criterion, must be held over, but here is the excellent cast:—

Sir Harcourt Courtly ...	Mr. W. Farren
Dazzle ...	Mr. Chas. Wyndham
Max Harkaway ...	Mr. H. H. Vincent
Charles Courtly ...	Mr. A. Bourchier
Mr. Spanker ...	Mr. Geo. Giddens
Mark Meddle ...	Mr. W. Blakeley
Cool ...	Mr. Cyril Maude
Lady Gay Spanker ...	Mrs. Bernard-Beere
Grace Harkaway ...	Miss Mary Moore
Pert ...	Miss E. Vinning

Mr. Irving announces a matinée performance of "Ravenswood" at the Lyceum for Saturday, Dec. 6, in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.—Messrs. Gatti had the satisfaction of seeing the great success of "The English Rose" unabated at the Adelphi on Wednesday, albeit that was the hundredth performance of this admirable melodrama.—I rejoice to hear that Mr. Cecil Howard's zeal led to a gift of £200 for Mrs. Du Val resulting from the Du Val matinée.—Mr. J. T. Grain, the earnest Secretary of the Playgoers' Club, and a true friend to the English drama, seeing that he has produced many English plays in Holland and Germany, keeps the Tuesday night lectures of his club merrily going.

If you want a good laugh—and I hold that laughter is one of the best preservers of health—don't fail to drop into Terry's popular comedy house in the Strand, and be moved to mirth by the amusing predicaments and dilemmas of Montague Joliffe (Mr. Edward Terry) in Pinero's highly humorous farcical play of "In Chancery." I own I have not laughed so much for some time as I did at the comical incidents naturally evolved from poor Joliffe's total lapse of memory. I have recounted the plot before, so will only recommend you to go and see this entertaining piece, which has been brightened up by Mr. Pinero, and which is now performed much more briskly than it was at the Gaiety and the Olympic. It is one of the droollest of Mr. Terry's droll creations, this hopelessly involved Joliffe. Go and laugh at it. One and all in the appended cast, acted well:—

Montague Joliffe ...	Mr. Edward Terry
Captain Dionysius McCafferty ...	Mr. Julian Cross
Dr. Titus ...	Mr. F. W. Irish
Mr. Hinxman ...	Mr. Prince Miller
John ...	Mr. Henry Dana
Mr. Buzzard ...	Mr. Robert Soutar
Mr. Gawge ...	Mr. George Belmore
Mrs. Smith ...	Miss Elinore Leyshon
Mrs. Marmaduke Jackson ...	Miss Alice Yorke
Patricia McCafferty ...	Miss Kate Mills
Amelia Ann Buzzard ...	Miss Buxton
Walker ...	Miss Violet Armbruster
Kittles ...	Miss Rose Dearing

The handsome Temple of Waxworks in Marylebone-road, Madame Tussaud's, prospers, and deserves to prosper, under its present active and judicious management. It is now beautifully lit by electricity, and makes quite a pleasant evening place of resort, as there is a comfortable dining-room and plenty of lively music. The brightness of the rooms enhances the effect of the world-famous models of notable men and women, and especially of the latest novelty—a notably artistic group of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, well done by Mr. John Tussaud.

MADAME TUSSAUD.

Of the smoking theatres that are so attractive in town, none offers a better programme nightly than the London Pavilion, which, under the able direction of Mr. Edward Swanborough, is flourishing exceedingly well since the engagement of Sandow, the modern Hercules.

Mr. Wilson Barrett is pushing along with his new theatre, which will be ready for opening to the public in a few days. Mr. Barrett will introduce a new, or, rather, will revive an old, system, in regard to the prices he will charge. When the plan of reducing the dimensions of the pit came into vogue the stalls became the most popular portion of the house; and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre raised the prices to ten shillings, while at the Haymarket they abolished the pit entirely. Mr. Barrett will charge six shillings for his stalls, and it is rumoured that several managers contemplate a reduction in their prices. The appearance of a theatre frequently crowded in the cheaper portions and empty in the stalls tells its own story, and points its own moral to managers. THESPIS.

Mr. W. Beckett, Conservative member of Parliament for the Bassetlaw Division of Nottinghamshire, was killed on the railway near Wimborne on Sunday afternoon. Walking near the rails when a train came up, he lost his balance, was drawn under one of the carriages, and cut to pieces.

MRS. LANGTRY'S GRAND REVIVAL OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT THE PRINCESS'S: MR. COGHLAN AND MRS. LANGTRY IN THE CHIEF PARTS.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The Most Sensible Autumn Fashions

are certainly the useful homespun and tweed costumes which look so neat and are so comfortable to wear. Rather elaborate in style by comparison, but still very becoming, is the dress I am permitted to copy from the *Lady's Pictorial*. It is designed by Miss E. T. Baker, known for her tastefulness, of 108, New Bond-street. The gown illustrated is of stone-blue cloth elaborately embroidered; the embroidery on the front of the bodice being in blue-and-gold. The long coat-tails have bars of velvet, and are edged with drop trimmings in blue-and-gold silk. The sleeves have velvet bars by way of trimming, and open to roll back at the corners. Skirt plain, with a wide panel of the embroidery on the one side and front.

The Christmas Number

par excellence for gentlewomen is the *Lady's Pictorial*, which reflects considerable credit on the energetic conductor, Mr. Alfred Gibbons. Nothing more charming this season has been published in the way of Coloured Supplements than the beauteous "Queen of the Roses," a triumph of delicate colour-printing on the part of Messrs. W. H. Keep and Co. No wonder 30,000 copies have been ordered for America alone. Note also the admirably artistic, fresh, and unconventional wash drawings by MM. Greiffenhagen, Forestier, and other spirited Artists, embellishing the engrossing and powerful stories written by E. D. Somerville and Martin Ross, Lady Majendie, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Macquoid, and Lady Colin Campbell. Truly, a marvellous shilling's-worth.

FASHIONABLE AUTUMN DRESS.

Mrs. Fawcett

has begun her interesting series of lectures upon the "Problems of Poverty," under the auspices of the London Society of University Extension, and they ought to prove useful as well as interesting. The present course is being held at the

Highbury High School,

8, Canonbury-place. On Wednesday, Nov. 5, the accomplished lecturer dealt with "The Socialistic Remedies for Poverty," and a better choice of a subject could not have been found. She dealt specially with the theories of the well-known Socialists Mr. Bax, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Bellamy. Mrs. Fawcett, although one of the first living authorities upon the "Dismal Science," as

Political Economy

is called, is neither cut-and-dry nor dull. On the contrary, she is, above all things, sympathetic and womanly. Moreover, she has brought personal experience to bear upon her subject; and she was listened to with the most eager attention by her large audience as she passed from one to the other of the various causes which, in her opinion, have led up, and still contribute to, the prevalent and

Widespread Distress.

During the course she will deal with the various practical and visionary remedies proposed by philanthropists and others, and General Booth's great scheme has already been passed in review.

Those who have money to spare would do well to look into the statement and appeal just published by the

Young Women's Christian Association

concerning certain extensions it desires to make. The little pamphlet sent to me by the Hon. Sec., Miss Morley, from the office, 16A, Old Cavendish-street, W., is extremely interesting. Until I read it I had no idea of the amount of excellent work done by the association, and I am glad to see that it has already received several

Handsome Subscriptions

towards the required extensions. The chief desire is to place the present work upon a permanent basis by the purchase of some of the institutes, and so get rid of very heavy rents, and small amounts from those who cannot subscribe largely will be very gratefully received. It may not be known, perhaps, to the majority of my readers that this admirable association provides for the

Comfort and Safety of Girls

who arrive alone in London. I wish it could have provided for the safety of that young and innocent girl the schoolmistress who was so savagely butchered at Bolton the other day by a fiend in human shape. Imagine such a crime having been committed in Christian England in broad daylight!

Hundreds of Girls

arrive alone in London week by week. They do not know where to go, or what to do. The Young Women's Christian Association, and kindred societies, started the "Traveller's Aid," which is in touch with workers in all large towns throughout the world. No less than four hundred girls were helped in one year by the Traveller's Aid; and an agent is always at work visiting

The London Stations.

Any girl who is about to start for London, either to take up work or look for it, has nothing to do but give three days' notice to the secretary of the Y.W.C.A., 16A, Old Cavendish-street, London, W. By so doing she will be met at either station or docks, and kindly looked after—helped too, if help is needed—and not allowed to fall a prey to any of the harpies, male or female, who are always on the look-out for the

Unprotected and Helpless.

Now, in the schemes of this association there is nothing Utopian; and the more money they get the better. It is now some years since Charles Kingsley wrote, "Men must work and women must weep"; but it seems to me that women have now no time for tears, and it is the duty of every Christian

Man and Woman

to help those who need help as much as possible. The association of which I write has many branches. The following are some of its departments. It has convalescent, sick, and holiday funds, it has convalescent homes, savings-banks, and benefit clubs, and a membership in London alone of close upon 17,000. There are also

Cheap Evening Classes,

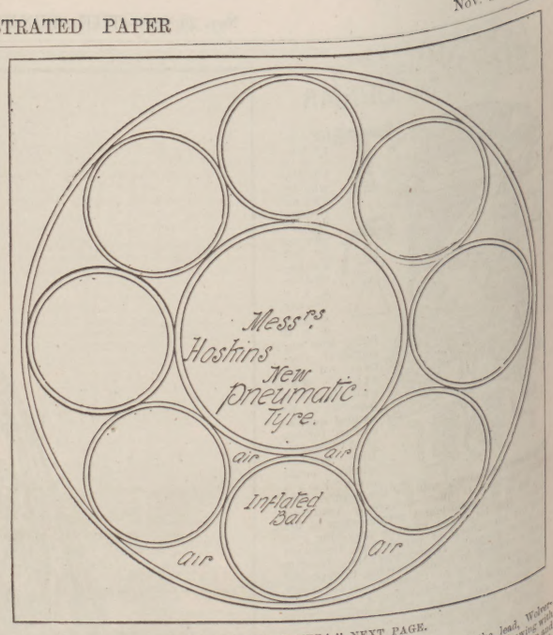
which vary according to the district and the position and needs of the girls. They can study book-keeping, dress-cutting, ambulance work, type-writing, shorthand, French, and be prepared for Civil Service exams.

Health once more suggests my favourite topic—Cookery; and I should like to remind my readers in the Kensington and South Kensington districts that Miss Ida Cameron, about whom I wrote a few weeks ago, will be lecturing and

Cooking at Gas Stoves

at the Assembly Rooms, Kensington High-street (not the Townhall, remember!), twice a day, except Mondays and Saturdays, in the afternoons and evenings from 3 to 4, and 7.30 to 8.30, until Dec. 5: so now it is not my fault if you miss something worth hearing. I am told she is much amused at my description of her as "as bright as a new guinea," but I do not think I can improve upon it.

MARGUERITE.



SEE "CYCLE AND CAMERA," NEXT PAGE.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Football.

We are rapidly approaching the end of the first portion of the football season, and the interregnum during which good condition is sadly interfered with by the celebration of the old-time rites of Christmas-pudding and mince-pie eating. Speaking for the

Rugby Game,

the football that has been played during the past four weeks or so has been very high class, and never before have there been so many teams, with but little to choose between them, in the field. The old Richmond Club, it is true, had shown a marked falling-off, but on Saturday last it made a wonderful step towards the front again, by a totally unexpected defeat of Oxford University. Oxford gained two tries, which, owing to faulty place-kicking (perhaps the bad weather supplies a fair excuse for this), were not converted into goals, while Richmond gained but one try, which was converted, and so they won by three points to two. If the result of this match was unanticipated, that of Blackheath v. Cambridge University certainly belongs to the same category, for no one could have thought that Blackheath would be beaten by such an overpowering score as

Three Goals and Two Tries

to nothing, a score which is by no means explained by the mere absence of Stoddart. The Cantabs played irresistibly, and their performance has certainly infused fresh interest into the Oxford and Cambridge match.

These two matches were certainly the two most important Rugby ones, though the meetings of the London Scottish and St. Thomas's Hospital and the Old Leysians and London Welsh were interesting contests. London Scottish were too good for the Hospital, and won by two goals and two tries to two tries, while the Old Leysians and London Welsh drew, neither side scoring.

The weather of Saturday last was bad enough in the South, but in Scotland it was so bad that Partick Thistle, who were beaten by Celtic in the penultimate round of the

Glasgow Cup,

protested against the match on account of the inclemency of the weather, which, they asserted, was altogether too bad for football. I doubt the committee entertaining the protest. Another match in this competition was provocative of the greatest excitement. It was played between the celebrated Scottish clubs 3rd Lanark R.V. and the Rangers. They had met twice already, each time playing a drawn game, and so keen was the interest felt that not the pouring rain could prevent some 8000 people being present. The Volunteers seemed likely to win easily this time, for, at half-time, they stood at three goals to none; but the Rangers went to work with a will, and they soon scored a goal, but time was nearly up when they were still two goals to the bad. Then, amid the wildest excitement, they rapidly added two goals—the second a bare minute before time; and so the match still remains to be decided, for, in face of the great exhaustion occasioned by playing in the severe weather, both sides refused to play the extra half-hour provided for by the rules. I think they were quite right, and spectators are to be congratulated upon having another exciting contest in store.

All footballers will be sorry to hear that one of the very best-known exponents of the dribbling game,

E. C. Bambridge,

sustained a fracture to his left arm in the match between the Swifts and Old Westminsters, at the Oval. This was a serious loss to his side, which did well to be beaten by only three goals to love. The season has been all too prolific in serious accidents, the Rugby game accounting for several deaths, while fractures have been quite too numerous to mention.

The interesting stage which the

Football League

contest has reached was intensified by the fourth defeat of Everton, Preston North End showing their best form and winning by two goals to none. This finally dispossessed Everton of the lead, Wolverhampton Wanderers gaining a point by drawing with Notts County, and so totalling sixteen, Everton with the Blackburn Rovers tieing for second position with fifteen each. Notts County and Preston North End each have fourteen points. Everton still head the list for scoring goals, their total being thirty-four, fourteen having been scored against them. In this respect the totals of Preston North End are curious. They have neither scored nor conceded many goals, their totals being 19 won and 5 lost. Wolverhampton Wanderers, although heading the list, have won 25 goals and lost 23, Blackburn Rovers having won 29 and lost 22.

The Harlequins,

a smart football club, had their opening dinner last Saturday night at that exceedingly commodious and well-managed dining-place the Courts of Justice Restaurant, opposite the Strand Courts of Justice, a restaurant in which athletic clubs desiring a fresh harbouring-hall will find themselves particularly well served.

Billiards.

After the recent fine displays by Peall and Taylor at the all-round game, it was astonishing to see them succumb as they did to their opponents last week, Peall being easily beaten by Mitchell, and Taylor seemed to be quite overpowered by Roberts, who, although giving a start of 4500 in 12,000, won by as many as 2621 points. One can but think the player being out of form for a day or so, but Taylor never showed anything like his best form during the whole of the week, and once more one hears of differences in the various tables upon which the matches are played. It certainly is a curious thing that, though Roberts can score on any table, the other players rarely do anything on any table. This, of course, points to the fact that his tab reaches are so easy so as to facilitate the making of big strokes. This question of

Billiard-Tables

is a very difficult one for outsiders to tackle, there being so many ways of evading the spirit of the law, though apparently strictly adhering to the letter of it. At one time we see men making from the effect of pull-back spot strokes; then we hear of a table of the kind for years afterwards, as though nothing had suddenly lost the art. And yet it is the strokes by which big breaks are the most easily and the strongly rapidly made; so it is not likely that it would be abandoned without some good reason.

Playing against Taylor, Roberts made an enormous number of breaks over a hundred, and is evidently as good as ever.

To-day (Saturday) the

Oxford Trial Eights

will be rowed at Moulsford. Lord Angholm, the O.U.B.C. president, has drawn largely on new blood, only four of the sixteen men having taken part in trial eights before, the rest being chosen from the trial eights of the recent coxswainless fours, men who took part in the recent coxswainless fours. It is expected that some good form will be shown in the race.

Owing to the lateness of some examinations, the Cambridge trial eights will not be rowed until Dec. 13, so it is not surprising that the crews are not yet settled upon. At this University a challenge bowl for clinker fours has been instituted in memory of the late

H. E. Rhodes,

who was one of Cambridge's greatest oars.

Ice has closed the Baltic for traffic, and

Skating

has been going on in the Engadine since the 11th inst., so we ought soon to have some skating, though November has been more like spring than winter. The project to send our professional champions to Switzerland for practice is assuming definite shape, while some of the Continental race meetings have been fixed for January, February, and March. Stockholm promises considerable money, and the professionals, but the Dutch meetings will be looked upon as the most international of all.—BANSHEE.

EYELASHES.—Wonderful preparation, discovered by a theatrical lady. Absolutely forces the growth. In one bottle. Address, Miss L. Miska, 139, Stockwell-road, London.—[ADVT.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

[illegible] of genuine interest, or because this [illegible] season, when any news is welcome, [illegible] space is given to C.T.C. affairs in [illegible] papers? The outburst of *Bicycling* [illegible] of the Anglo-American would-be [illegible] simply funny. "What the [illegible] amounts to is tantamount to a [illegible] system," it says. This is the old [illegible] dreadful evils threatened by a [illegible] But if government by such a [illegible] authority, what about rule by one man? [illegible] of such talk does not need to be [illegible] out. But in the same paper a mistake [illegible] in a letter from a correspondent which [illegible] not pass unnoticed. The writer warns [illegible] members of the danger to the club if it be [illegible] "to fall into the hands of a clique of [illegible] tourists." Of the seven who, according to the [illegible] form the so-called London clique, two—[illegible] J. S. Whatton and Mr. J. Pennell—have [illegible] done more practical touring both in [illegible] and on the Continent (and the latter in America as well) than any other members of the club. And Colonel Savile's touring record is scarcely less. I do not know where three men better qualified "to provide information for tourists" could be found.

The tyre question is still to the fore, and the general verdict seems to be for the cushion until the pneumatic is still further perfected, though the latter still holds its own for the track. In Holborn Viaduct windows now hardly any solid tyres are to be seen.

Messrs. Hoskins and Brown, of the Nottinghill Steam Cycle Works, send me the accompanying diagram of their pneumatic tyre, which, at the present moment, cannot but be of interest. As is seen in the cut, its special feature is that there are balls inside a hollow tube 2in., therefore 1½-in. balls, on a 24-in. rim making up a 28-in. wheel, which takes fifty-six balls, these being inflated. Thus is formed, its inventors say, a tyre of a very "bouncing nature." The balls do not take up the entire space of the tubing, which allows them to spread only in the casing itself. The advantages claimed for it are these: should it by accident be punctured, it is not materially affected, as is the ordinary pneumatic, and it can easily be mended by the insertion of a new ball. The tyre is light. As I have not tested it myself I cannot answer for its merits, but it certainly seems to have its good points.

Another correspondent, an amateur photographer, writes to ask if the *P.I.P.* tourists round the world had any previous knowledge of photography, and if their photos can be taken as good average work of the Kodak Camera. The first question I cannot answer; perhaps Messrs. Sachtleben and Allen, if they read the *Penny Illustrated* while on their travels, will let us know. Their photos seem to me fair examples of Kodak work. I have seen many equally good results obtained by people with absolutely no knowledge of photography. But the user of the Kodak must be prepared for occasional failures, he cannot, by any means, be sure of the success of every shot. This I say judging from the experience of others. I have never myself tried the Kodak, though I have used in another camera the films made for it by the Eastman Co. These I find at times wonderfully satisfactory; but again, apparently for no particular reason, they fail entirely. On bright sunny days I have obtained, instead of the picture I wanted, nothing but a blurred mess.

I am glad Messrs. Sachtleben and Allen write as they do about the Provençal towns Avignon and Nîmes and Arles. If they had only ridden to them in the summer, over the good white roads of Provence, I wonder what they would have thought of them then? I see that, in their last letter, they say they were told that only one bicycle before had ever been seen crossing the Col de Montmirot. I think I know whose bicycle that was. When I was there I was told that none had ever crossed before.

Mr. Oscar Browning talked about foreign touring last Thursday evening at the Society of Cyclists. There were plenty of people there to listen to him, though the dinner of the London Bicycle Club kept many away. But Mr. Browning was hardly at his best, and the debate that followed might have been more brilliant.

The Stanley Club are doing all they can to make the show of 1891 a success. Their charges for space have been lowered, and its allotment is to be determined by ballot. The chief features of the show in the absence of the leading makers will be the new cushion and pneumatic tyres, which are sure to be well in evidence, and the collection of machines, to which I have already referred, from the dandy-horse down to our pneumatic-tyred safeties. This will beat all the histories of the evolution of the cycle ever written.

N. C. U.

Cocoa.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the wasted body, and for repairing the waste which is incident to all the processes of life."—*Health.*—[Advt.]

HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE SKIN

AND ENJOY GOOD HEALTH.

[illegible] all cosmetics, rouges, and paints for those who are obliged to "make up." [illegible] Never mind a colourless face, provided it is free from pimples and eruptions. Should [illegible] there be any eruptive disturbance in the blood, causing disfiguring or annoying [illegible] blemish on the skin, at once thoroughly purify the blood by a regular course of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets." They act both on the blood and skin, beneficially so [illegible] both instances. They act as a germicide in the blood, being destructive of disease [illegible] germs, and as stimulative tonic to both the inner and outer skin. If you have [illegible] any blemish or disfiguring eruption of any kind, rest assured it will be eradicated [illegible] by "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," if by anything; and they will gently and safely [illegible] regulate the functions of the body, and do good to the general health. They are [illegible] positively safe.

[illegible] woman has a certain fascination peculiar to herself, and only needs a [illegible] complexion to enhance her charms. The complexion is the first point attacked [illegible] by ill-health or affected by increasing age. Nothing distorts the face, dulls the eyes, [illegible] and forms wrinkles sooner than worry, fret, and frown. Therefore look as much as [illegible] possible on the bright side of things, restrain yourself from frequent crying, and [illegible] avoid the exhaustion consequent upon violent fits of ill-temper.

[illegible] the face at night in hot water, using only "Frazer's Sulphur Soap." By [illegible] the pores of the skin will be expanded and freed from all dirt and dis-[illegible] secretions. Now apply cold water plentifully, dashing it fearlessly over the [illegible] and skin. This will close the pores, which have been freely opened by the [illegible] of the warm water. Now rub vigorously with a Turkey or honeycomb towel, [illegible] circulation will thereby be healthily stimulated.

Attention to diet is of importance. Pork and salted meats are apt to prove [illegible] injurious to the complexion, as are, in excess, tea, coffee, sweets, and pastry. Too [illegible] much or too rich food is also to be avoided. Ripe fruit, on the other hand, may be [illegible] plentifully eaten.

[illegible] to these few simple hints, not in fitful starts, but in regular, continual [illegible] will assure to all women of average health that which they most desire—[illegible] a healthy appearance, a clear skin, and a good complexion.

For persons of pallid complexion, or of anæmic tendency (deficiency or poorness of blood), special attention to nourishing diet is necessary, and iron tonics are indicated. With the latter take "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," as the action of both is thereby rendered more efficacious. This has been demonstrated in a number of instances.

Should there be any constipation, or the person be of sedentary habit, the use of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" is imperative, as otherwise the blood will become sluggish, and the action of the inner skin impaired.

While so beneficial for the complexion, "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are also a family medicine of great value. In Rheumatism and Rheumatic Fever they cure or palliate the complaint. In Eczema, Erysipelas, Nettlerash, they are of great curative efficacy. In all forms of Impure Blood, ulcerated surfaces (internally and externally), their value is not to be over-estimated, inasmuch as they prevent the blood from carrying germs of the complaint to other parts of the body, and in many cases they effect a complete cure by tonic and purifying action on the blood-vessels adjacent to the seat of the complaint. And even in those cases where cure can only be effected by external treatment they are still of great value for their antiseptic influence. And in most instances they retard the growth of the disease, if no more, even in the worst cases dependent on surgical or topical treatment for cure.

For children's ailments, to regulate the body, to disperse eruptive breakings out, and to ward off contagious and infectious disease attacks, "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are reliable, safe, and beneficial. Being pleasant alike to eye and taste, "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are much liked by children.

TEST THEM FREE OF CHARGE.

Samples of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" will be sent gratis and post free on application. Name "Penny Illustrated Paper." Address the Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and CO., 11, Ludgate-square, London, E.C. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," price 1s. 1½d.; post free, 1s. 3d. Frazer's Sulphur Soap, in boxes of three cakes, price 2s., post free. For sale by all Chemists. Every packet bears our name and address, and has the revenue stamp affixed.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE FINEST STONES EVER PRODUCED.

REGISTERED.

These magnificent Stones are set in GOLD, and made by most experienced workmen; detection impossible; and I defy the BEST JUDGES to tell them from DIAMONDS. The brilliancy and lustre are most marvellous, and equal to Brilliants worth TWENTY GUINEAS, the Stones being real Crystals, and splendidly faceted. They will resist every possible diamond test. Much worn for Court and other occasions. Testimonials from all parts of the world. These stones are rapidly gaining great reputation and have been awarded Three Prize Medals from the great Exhibitions. The Public are earnestly invited to INSPECT our marvellous selection now ON VIEW, which astonishes all Visitors. Catalogues Post Free.

NOTICE.—These stones cannot possibly be had elsewhere at any price, and are only to be obtained of the Sole Importer and Manufacturer—ARTHUR O. FAULKNER, 167, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. Established 1860. Two doors from Burlington Street. NOTE.—NO AGENTS EMPLOYED.

*** NOTE.—Beware of Worthless Imitations and Copies of my Engravings.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whisky largely diluted with soda-water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT", therefore no family should ever be without it.

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.,

By J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

DR. KOCH, THE GERMAN CONSUMPTION CURER.
From a Photograph by Herr J. C. Schaarwächer, Berlin Court Photographer.

THE LATE KING OF HOLLAND.

THE ROYAL PALACE OF LOO, WHERE THE KING OF HOLLAND DIED.

LATE KING OF HOLLAND.

A general sympathy was felt for the reigning Queen of Spain when the early death of King Alfonso threw so much anxiety upon her, so the loyal and charming Queen of Holland will be specially condoled with upon the demise of the King of the Netherlands last Sunday morning at the Palace of Loo, near the Hague. The late King and the palace he died in are represented on previous page.

The disease to which William III. succumbed was uræmia, one of the many forms of blood-poisoning which are too frequently attended with serious consequences. The late King (William Alexander Paul Frederick Louis) was the eldest son of William II. and Anna Paulovna, daughter of the Russian Emperor Paul. He was born in 1817, and at the age of twenty-two married Princess Sophia Frederica of Wurtemberg, by whom he had two sons—William, Prince of Orange, born in 1840, and Prince Alexander, born in 1851. Death claimed mother and sons.

Princess Wilhelmina Helena Paulina Mary of Orange, now Queen of the Netherlands, is the only child of a union the most salient feature of which was the unusual disproportion of the respective ages of the "high contracting parties." When William III. married Princess Emma of Waldeck in January 1879, the bride-groom was far advanced in his sixty-second year, while the bride was his junior by more than four decades, she having been born on Aug. 2, 1858. Under these circumstances issue was by no means confidently expected, and great were the rejoicings throughout Holland when, some twenty years after the celebration of the nuptial ceremony at Arolsen, the succession was assured. On the occupancy of a European throne falls the child-Princess, whose tenth year was completed on Aug. 31, 1890. Portraits of the youthful heiress and of the reigning Queen of Holland (sister of the Duchess of Albany) will be found in the *Penny Illustrated Paper* next week.

DR. KOCH.

An honour to Dr. Koch and the other studious members of a noble profession who devote their lives to alleviating the ills that flesh is heir to. The innumerable readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* will, we are sure, regard with pride the photograph we are enabled to publish of the distinguished German physician, who claims to have discovered a cure for that terrible scourge of humanity, consumption. But, as a matter of prudence, it may be as well to caution the public against the sudden acceptance of the new cure as a certain remedy. Many years, as a matter of course, elapse before the virtue of the eminent Doctor's lymph cure can be absolutely proved.

In an extraordinary edition of the German *Weekly*, Dr. Koch publishes an article, entitled "Further communications regarding a Cure for Tuberculosis, and the experiments relating thereto performed by Dr. Libbertz and Surgeon Dr. Pfuhl, under the direction of Dr. Koch." Respecting the derivation and preparation of the matter employed, Dr. Koch does not give no indications, as his work is not yet completed. The matter itself is, however, to be obtained from Dr. Libbertz, whose address is Luisenstrasse, Berlin. It consists of a yellowish transparent liquid, which is by its own nature proof against deterioration. The dilutions which are necessary for its use, however, are liable to decay, and, therefore, the attenuations must be sterilised by heat and preserved by the filling of wadding, or they must be preserved with a solution of phenol, 0·5 per cent. in water. The curative matter does not operate when applied stomach, and, therefore, has been used for this purpose a syringe, which recommended itself to him by his bacteriological experiments, having no valve, and being only with a small hollow ball of india-rubber. The merit of this syringe being that it is easily and surely rinsed out with absolute certainty, and kept in an aseptic condition. With more than 1000 injections not a single abscess has occurred. The place selected for injecting the injection is the skin of the back, between the shoulder-blades and in proximity to the spine. The human being is found to be much more susceptible than the guinea-pigs which were used for the experiments.

CYCLING ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE *P.I.P.* CYCLISTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY KODAK VIEWS.

Articles contributed to the *Penny Illustrated Paper* by the American Touring Cyclists, MM. Thomas I. Sachtleben and Thomas G. Allen, who are travelling on the Minnehaha Tour of the Iroquois Cycle Company, and whose first letter appeared on Oct. 18.

LETTER SIXTH: MARSEILLES TO CANNES.

(*To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*)

MILAN, Nov. 7, 1890.

The evening of Oct. 25 found us at

The Hotel de Geneve,

one of the finest in Marseilles. Situated near the quay, one can look out from its windows upon the busy scenes of the harbour on one side and the house on the other. Our bicycles being stored away, we went up to the reading-room to write and were greatly amused at the attempts of the young ladies of the hotel to speak English. One of them turned up the gas for us to write and said, with a winning smile, "Have you enough light like that?" In the light of her beautiful eyes any amount of artificial light would have been satisfactory. In fact, the less the better. Our stock of French not being sufficient to warrant us in attempting to express this bit of gallantry, we turned to our writing with the stale phrase "Oui, oui, certainement."

We were not granted much time. No sooner had we begun than

N. E. Kaufmann,

the world's champion trick rider on a bicycle, stepped in and introduced himself. Having read of our trip in *Wheeling* and of our arrival in Marseilles through the daily papers, he "took the liberty of calling on us." To facilitate the conversation he had brought his interpreter with him, thinking that we had probably forgotten how to speak English. What use he could possibly have been except to smoke his cigars we could not see, for he spoke nothing but French, while Kaufmann was equally partial to English.

Time flitted by quickly in such pleasant company. At 8.30 Kaufmann left to take his part in the programme at the Palais Cristal, where he was filling a fifteen days' engagement. We were then escorted to the room of the

Cyclo Club of Marseilles.

With the aid of hot coffee and punch of their own making we passed a very pleasant evening in the company of these gay French cyclists. A visit to the brilliant cafés finished the evening's enjoyment.

The 26th was spent in seeing Marseilles; the evening, in a visit to the Palais Cristal.

The next morning we rode out to the Prado to say good-bye to Kaufmann and our Cyclo friends who had assembled to see us off. It was 12.30 before we

Started for Toulon, along the famous Riviera road.

As far as Aubague the surface was bad, but from that village it was perfect—as hard and smooth as asphalt. The road led for miles between orchards of olives, whose gnarled roots curved themselves into all sorts of fantastic shapes upon the terraces on the hillsides, looking old enough to have been planted in the time of the Romans.

Old Ruined Castles

or monasteries now and then crowned the summits or dotted the hillsides. At times the scenery was grand and wild as the road led between two precipitous walls down beside the dry bed of some small stream. The villages we whirled through were gloomy and uninteresting, the men seemed to be doing nothing, while the women and girls were washing clothes by the wayside springs.

After a steady run of 42½ miles we rolled into Toulon, through the Porte Nationale, at 4.45. Riding over the moat, through the arch in the old walls directly ahead, we were soon stopped, and told that this was the arsenal. We retreated before the heavy ordnance, and took a roundabout route to the rear of the arsenal.

As we rode down the narrow streets with our bright-blue and nickelled Minnehahas, we heard such remarks as these from the astonished inhabitants: "Très jolis! Nouveau système! Caoutchouc crux! Bien fait!" uttered in excited whispers.

At the Place du Théâtre a scrubby-looking chap showed us to the Hôtel des Négociants. Although we found it rather free, we determined to try it. We were tired of fine hotels. They are all alike. If one wishes to see the people as they really are, to study their customs and peculiarities, it is necessary to put up at the common hotels. The old lady received us with a smile, and her daughter *aussi*. They were Italian, and we employed all our little leisure in taking our first lesson in that melodious language.

In ordering our supper, the old lady asked us if we wanted our omelette "natural" or not. Our liveliest imagination had never pictured to us omelettes growing in a natural state. At first we were puzzled, but soon found that a natural omelette is one without any olive-oil, garlic, onions, candle-grease, &c. The young lady in the meantime smiled on us so bewitchingly that we looked at each other in despair and breathed a heavy sigh as we said, "Oh, if we could only speak French!"

The next morning we were accompanied 16 kil.

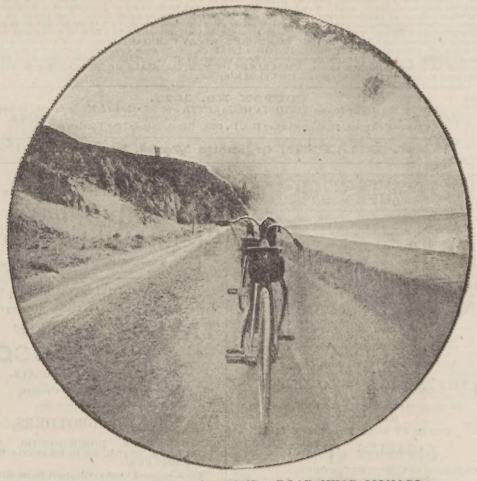
On Our Way to Cannes

by M. Eugène Gary, a well-known cyclist of Toulon. Everything combined to aid us in making the run of 116 kil. (72½ miles) by sunset at five except the wind, which blew strong in our faces.

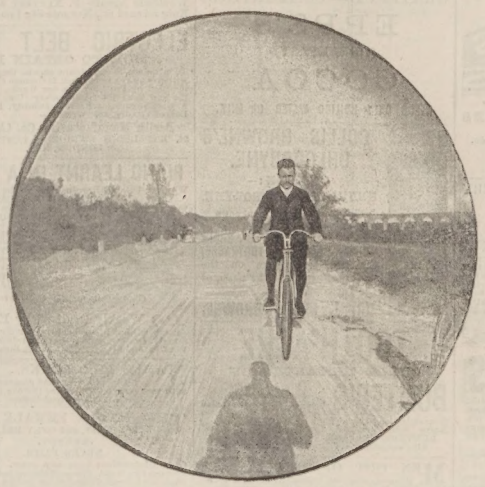
The splendid road led over an undulating country between olive orchards and vineyards as far as Fréjus. Hence a level road ran out past the picturesque ruins of an old Roman

THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: FAREWELL TO NICE.

THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: VIEW OF ROAD NEAR ALBERGE MINÈE, AT THE SEASIDE.



THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: ROAD NEAR MONACO.



THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: SPECIMEN OF A ROAD IN THE RIVIERA.

THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: "FAREWELL TO THEE, SUNNY FRANCE, THY OPEN-HANDED AND WARM-HEARTED HOSPITALITY."

aqueduct to the foot of the mountains, then it turned and twisted up the mountains for 15 miles to the pass of the Esterel. The scenery was beautiful as we wound up. Away behind us we could

See the Pretty Bay

on which Fréjus was situated until hid from view by the windings of the valley. The mountains were clothed from base to summit with nothing but pines and cork-trees, through which the wind rustled continually. We were wrapt in darkness ere we reached the summit, and to gain time we descended more rapidly than usual, but soon came to grief. At a sharp turn in the road we came suddenly upon a heavily laden wagon.

Allen Yelled

and jumped safely. I jumped too quickly. The heavily laden bicycle, to which I clung to prevent it from running over the mountain's side, and the camera pulled me down, dragged me some distance, and finally

Rolled Over on Top of Me.

I was not hurt beyond two or three dozen bruises, but my bicycle had a bent pedal.

Removing the pedal, we proceeded very carefully down the remainder of the descent to a small village at the foot of the Alps. Fortunately, we found a café kept by an old bachelor, where we were compelled to

Put Up for the Night.

Here we had no choice of omelettes. We were forced to take it in its most unnatural state or not at all. The appetite of a cyclist is so well known that it would be useless to mention it, and after doing seventy-two and a half miles we were in excellent trim to eat anything we could bite

The wine had a bad effect on us, even if it did cost six francs a bottle. We arose about midnight for something to quench our thirst, only to find that the old bachelor had locked us in. Skirmishing about the room, we found a case of "vin rouge," which must have been worth twenty-four francs a bottle, judging from the thick layer of dust. Every year adds a franc to the price. This had a very soothing effect, and we were soon in a sound sleep again. On awaking we filled the bottle with water, threw on two or three handfuls of dust from under the bed, where it lay about a foot deep, and replaced it in the case.

By this ingenious operation the intrinsic value of the wine was materially lessened, but to all appearances it was increased threefold, for the dust lay in thick ridges on the cork and neck.

The next morning, the 29th, after a poor breakfast of tasteless coffee, stale bread, old butter, and omelette fried in dirty black oil of some kind well seasoned with ashes, we inquired for our bill. Imagine our surprise when the old bachelor brought in a long bill for twenty-four francs, in which he had divided up everything so nicely that he was able to tack on about nine francs too much. We were not quite such lambs to let ourselves be imposed upon in this style. We paid him fifteen francs, which was quite enough. He took them without a murmur, and, as he slipped them down his pocket, we thought he looked pretty well satisfied with his bargain.

The air this morning was delightfully bracing, almost good enough to eat after such a breakfast as ours. The scenery was enchanting. On our right we could see

The Blue Mediterranean,

whose changing waters seemed to rise to meet the greyish clouds in the distance. On our left rose the lofty Alps, whose evergreen sides were relieved at the summits by caps of snow and ice, which glistened in the bright morning sun. Under such conditions, our run to Cannes was short and pleasant.

At Cannes.

We left our bicycles at the shop of Mons. Sfucros, the only agent in Cannes, for repairs and cleaning. The proprietor, as we afterwards learned from his wife, was confined to his room by a severe cold, but, hearing from his employés of the two wonderful bicycles at his shop, he came down, in spite of his cold and his wife's protestations, to have a peep at them.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before we

Left for Nice.

The road and scenery were a repetition of the morning's, beyond the description of any pen. Charming villas, surrounded by rich growths of olives, figs, and palms, dotted the hill-sides and lined the road continuously. Yet all this had lost its beauty to us as we rode up to the Hôtel Chapeau Vert, in Nice, in a drenching rain and total darkness.

In this charming winter resort we

Spent Two Pleasant Days

in the company of cyclists, visiting the surrounding places and taking a run up the famous road leading over the Col di Tenda to Turin. Our stay will always be a pleasant remembrance to us, from the courtesy of our friends and the flattering notices in the daily papers.

Early on the morning of Nov. 1 we bade our friends "Au revoir," to continue

Along the Riviera Road.

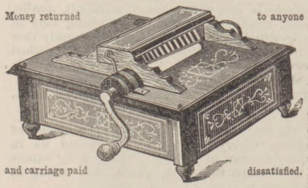
To a cyclist no road can be more enjoyable than this little stretch from Nice to the Italian frontier. A continued succession of the most varied and charming panoramas are spread out before his eyes as he winds in and out, up and down, over the splendid road. All the villages are delightfully situated on the promontories or at the head of deep bays. Mentone is the last city in France. Two kilomètres beyond this we crossed the line into Italy. Before we turned around the sharp promontory we took a long last look at the land where we had been treated universally so politely. As we stood looking at the scene those beautiful words of Byron came to our lips—

Farewell to thee, France!

WM. L. SACHTLEBEN.
THOS. G. ALLEN JUN.

(*To be continued.*)

Money returned to anyone dissatisfied. and carriage paid



THE WONDERFUL
VICTORIA ORGANETTE.
The most marvellous Musical Instrument in the World.
A £2 ORGANETTE for ONLY £1.
N.B.—This Offer is only to Dec. 10, '90.
We are the Sole Makers of this WONDERFUL and FIRST-CLASS ORGANETTE. It is a REED Instrument, and is constructed on the same principles as an organ, with bellows and full-sized reeds. The music consists of good strong perforated sheets, which are put into the Organette, furnishing either FINISHED SOLO PERFORMANCE, a RICH ACCOMPANIMENT to the VOICE, or VALUABLE ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS. They are marvels of Musical Invention, and combining all the principles upon which Automatic Organs, Organettes, &c., are now being made, requiring no skill in the performer. Any child who can use its hands intelligently can play. RANGE OF MUSIC ABSOLUTELY UNLIMITED.
We wish to introduce one of these Organettes into every town and village in Great Britain, and in order to do so quickly have decided to sell a LIMITED NUMBER to the Readers of this Paper at only £1 each, but your Order must be received before Dec. 10, 1890. We only make this unprecedented offer to introduce this FIRST-CLASS ORGANETTE throughout the Kingdom, well knowing, after one is received in a neighbourhood, we are sure to sell a great number at our Regular Price. We are the SOLE MAKERS of the VICTORIA ORGANETTE, and you must order direct from us. Remember, the VICTORIA ORGANETTES are LARGE and POWERFUL INSTRUMENTS, built in the most durable style (in our own works by English workmen), highly polished and decorated in gold, the reeds being so powerful that they produce sufficient volume of music for the chapel, parlour, lodge, ball-room, or picnic party. Nothing to get out of order—in fact, they produce a richer and sweeter sound after a few years' use. UNSURPASSED FOR HOME ENTERTAINMENTS. The illustration will give you but a faint idea of STYLE and FINISH of this beautiful Instrument. We will RETURN the MONEY and PAY CARRIAGE to anyone who is not perfectly satisfied after receiving it. IT SINGS ITS OWN PRAISES. With each Organette we send a Selection of Music FREE, and pack all in a strong box. Send money by P.O., P.O.O., Registered Letter, or Cheque, payable to J. DRAPER, Blackburn. THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED. For 2s. extra we will send it Carriage Paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

COUPON NO. 1017.
Entitles the Holder to one VICTORIA ORGANETTE and Selection of Music for £1, before Dec. 10, 1890. (Signed) J. DRAPER.
N.B.—Full price, £2, charged after Dec. 10, 1890. Time extended for Foreign orders.

J. DRAPER, Organette Works, Blackburn.

BROOMES MUSIC
2d Each POST FREE
No.
49. Call me back again.
298. White Wings.
372. Snowdrop Polka.
403. Only to see her face again.
410. Who 's that calling so sweet?
411. Song that reached my heart.
421. Dutch Clockman. (A. Lloyd.)
423. Pretty Pond Lilies.
427. Listen to my tale of woe.
428. White Wings Waltz.
433. Tipperary Christening.
443. A flower from Mother's grave.
464. Song that reached my heart Waltz.
465. Who 's that calling so sweet Polka.
Catalogues post free.
W. H. BROOME, 15, Holborn, London, E.C.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.
Shopkeepers requiring the above will find it to their advantage to
WRITE AT ONCE FOR PRICE LIST.
CHARLES TAFF.
FANCY CONFECTIONERY WORKS,
THE GROVE, HACKNEY, LONDON.
Orders for 40s. Carriage Paid.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT in Stock, as under:—
Eight a 1d., four a 1d., two a 1d., Fancies. 1d., 2d., and 3d., Japanese Birds. Japanese Fans, four a 1d. Lanterns, four a 1d., two a 1d., 1d. and 2d. each.
2d. Japanese Baskets, filled with Good Sweets.
Eight a 1d., four a 1d., two a 1d., Flags.
¼d., ½d., and 1d., Christmas Card Packets;
3d., 6d., and 1s., Santa Claus Stockings.
Luggage Bonbons, four a 1d. to 2s. per box.
2d. Box filled with TAFF'S Pure Sweets,
Toy Surprise Packets.

XMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.
1s. 3d. Packet contains 50 splendid Cards.
2s. Packet contains (beautiful designs) 36 cards, each in envelope.
3s. Packet contains (finest in the market) 48 cards, each in envelope.
1s. Packet contains (very special) 6 cards, each in envelope. Usually retailed at 6d. each. Highly recommended.
All postage paid. Postal Orders can be crossed National Provincial Bank of England, Liverpool.
WELLINGTON and CO.,
20, Regent-place, Charing-cross, Birkenhead.

WANTED EVERY LADY to send for the WONDERFUL PARCEL, containing: 1 Beautiful Lace Apron (special value), 1 Lace Handkerchief, 6 yards Nottingham Lace, and 12 Engravings. Carriage paid for 1s. 6d. A Packet of Beads presented with every Parcel. W. COTTON, Weekday Cross, Nottingham.

GLAZING SHIRTS and COLLARS. MADAME MABEL'S LINEN ENAMEL supplied to the principal laundresses in Great Britain. No polishing iron required. Sample per sample post, 6 stamps.—9 T, Horder-road, Fulham, S.W.

HAIR REMOVED PERMANENTLY, Root and Branch. Particulars free on receipt of stamped directed envelope. J. G. COLLINS, Imperial Mansions, Oxford-street, London, W.C.

ALL FAT PEOPLE
Should take TRILENE TABLETS (Reg.). The only safe cure for Stoutness. Send 2s. 6d. to TRILENE CO., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London.

FOR BREAKFAST.
THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.
TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA.
Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.
A SOLUBLE COCOA,
Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.
TAYLOR BROTHERS' PURE COCOA.
AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.
Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.
TAYLOR BROTHERS,
MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.
Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

Cheaper and More Nutritious than Extract of Beef ONLY.
EDWARDS DESICCATED SOUPS
Registered Trade Mark "Desiccated Soups."
BEEF AND VEGETABLES COMBINED.
For SOUPS, GRAVIES, HASHES, STEWS, &c.
COOKERY BOOK gratis and post free,
F. KING and CO., Limited,
3-6, CAMOMILE STREET, LONDON.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 90, High-street, Borough, S.E.
Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station within 250 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off Invoice in lieu of carriage; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Send for LIST OF CHRISTMAS GOODS, NOW READY.

HINDE'S PATENT HAIR CURLERS. USED WITHOUT HEAT.
BRIGHT METAL. SIXPENCE THE BOX OF FOUR. Imitations which are absolutely useless are offered. See that the words "Hinde's Patent" are on the box. Of all fancy dealers; or Sample Box, Seven Stamps. HINDE'S, LIMITED (London); and METROPOLITAN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

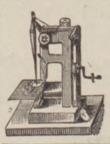
Post free, 7d.,
RUPTURE: Its Radical Cure. An interesting publication by J. A. SHERMAN, Hernial Specialist, giving authentic information how sufferers may be relieved and restored to soundness without life torture from trusses used for its protection.—London: GIBBS, SMITH and Co., 10, High Holborn.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best.

PREPARED BY A NEW AND SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.
Medical opinion recommends them for the Health. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for Comfort, Style, and Durability. Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade Mark Anchor on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of drawings.
E. IZOD & SON, 30, Milk-street, London.
Manufactory, Landport, Hants.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS.
4/6 Gents' Four-fold Linen Collars, 4s. 6d. per dozen, extra quality, 6s. 6d. per dozen. White Shirts, Linen Fittings, 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., and 6s. 9d. each. Samples and Illustrated Price Lists of Irish Linen and Irish Tweeds, Free. Carriage paid on all parcels over 10s. in value.
G. R. HUTTON & CO., LARNE, BELFAST.

3/6 SEWING MACHINE 3/6
(Patented No. 7309.)



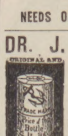
Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications; no trouble; no teaching. It works fine or coarse materials equally as well. Sent, carriage free, 4s.; two for 7s. 6d.; extra needles 6d. and 1s. per packet. Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials. Call and see them at work. Agents wanted. Address: SEWING MACHINE CO., 10 Dep., 55 and 56, Chancery-lane, London, W.C.

DELIGHTED ARE THE LADIES
who use Allwood's Patent Minerva Taper-headed Double-grooved Needles. EASY to Thread and EASY to Sew with. Samples Free on receipt of Two Stamps from the SOLE MANUFACTURERS of Minerva Needles.
WM. ALLWOOD and SONS, ALCESTER.
Established 1796.
Sold by Drapers Everywhere.

FUR BOA, very dark brown, real Russian tail, 10 ft. long, very full and soft, perfectly new, value 55s., sacrifice 18s. 9d.—rare chance, genuine fur.—Mrs. P. I. JAMESON, 73, Victoria-road, Kilburn, N.W.

GRATEFUL — COMFORTING.
EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA
NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.



CAUTION:—
GENUINE CHLORODYNE.
Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, SPASMS, &c., bears on the Government stamp the name of the Inventor,
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED INSTANTLY BY BUNTER'S NERVINE
Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction, Sleepless Nights Prevented
Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

MEN OUT OF HEALTH with Pimples, Blotches, Unhealthy Sores, Wounds, &c., arising from an impure condition of the Blood, or suffering from General Weakness and Debility, should write to-day for free advice.
Messrs. WILKINSON, Baker's-hill, Sheffield.
Established 60 Years.
Send for the "Mirror," in envelope, free.

DELIGHT TO MAID & MASTER
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.
NUBIAN BLACKING softens and preserves the leather, giving a Brilliant Waterproof Polish equal to patent leather to Boots, Shoes, and all Leather Articles.
Applied with a Sponge attached to the Cork.
It beats the world as a HARNESS DRESSING.
Lasts a week on Gentlemen's & a month on Ladies' and Children's Boots.
MUD CAN BE WASHED OFF AND POLISH REMAINS.
Sold Everywhere, at 1s. & 2s. *per Bottle. Reject Substitutes.*
LUSTRE MUSCOVITE for Brown Leather Boots, Bags, Harness, &c. Best Article made. Self Polishing. 6d. per Bottle.
Manufactory—95 to 98, GREAT SAFFRON HILL, LONDON, E.C.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.
Unequalled for Price and Quality.
150 Pretty Cards, by Parcel Post .. .. .. 1s. 3d.
50 Superior Cards, post free .. .. 1s. 2d.
An Envelope for every Card with the following Packets:—
25 Beautiful Cards, post free .. .. 1s. 2d.
10 Very Choice Cards " .. .. .. 1s. 2d.
6 Elegant Cards " .. .. .. 1s. 2d.
One Card of extraordinary splendour, post free, 1s. 2d.
TRUSWELL and SON, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.

LAUNDRY GLAZING SECRET. Cuffs, Collars, and Fronts like White China. Nothing used in the Starch. No polishing iron required. Particulars free.—LAUNDRY, 29, Liscard, Birkenhead.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane.
THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand.
TWO PER CENT on minimum Monthly Balance of Current Accounts when not drawn below £100.
STOCKS and SHARES purchased and sold.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

ROUGH ON RATS.

GONE WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.
Rats are smart, but "Rough on Rats" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed Bugs, Hen Lice, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasels, Gophers, Chipmunks, Moles, Musk Rats, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels. 7½d. and 1s. Boxes, at Chemists only. Wholesale Agents—F. NEWBERY and SONS, 1, King Edward St., Newgate St., London, E.C.

ELECTRIC BELT FREE. HOW TO OBTAIN IT.
To introduce it and obtain agents, the undersigned will give away a few of their £1 German Electric Belts, invented by Professor Van der Weyde, President of the New York Electrical Society (U.S. Pat. 257,647). A positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Vitality, &c. Write to—
Berlin Manufacturing Co. (Agents),
28, ENDSLEIGH GARDENS, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.
Why spend years in learning the Piano by Music? when RITCHIE'S MUSICAL CHORD-INDICATOR enables anyone entirely ignorant of music to vamp accompaniments to thousands of songs (in all keys) and play dozens of pieces, waltzes, &c., by ear in one week. Price, 1s. 1d., or with Book of Songs and full instructions complete, post free. 1s. 8d. W. RITCHIE, MAPLE ROAD, ANERLEY, LONDON, S.E.

(Please state name of this Journal.)

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For sample, &c., enclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.

NAMES FOR BOOKS. 100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. R. PETERS, 4, St. Michael-terrace, Maidstone.

THE MAGIC FEMALE PILLS. BEST, SAFEST, and ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY. NEVER FAILS.
Cures Obstructions from any cause. No Pills or Powders like them. These Pills are not made from Steel, Pennyroyal, Bitter Apple, or any such useless or injurious drugs, but from drugs far more efficacious.
Post free, 1s. 3d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. a Box.
SIGNOR THOMASSO,
Westminster Bridge-road, London.

ORION'S ALMANAC, 1891. WEATHER AND GENERAL PREDICTIONS. Birthday Information for Every Day. Fortunate Days; Exact time to Plant, Sow, Bake, Brew, Set Fowls, Buy, Sell, Court, Marry, Speculate, or do anything for success. The coming Political Struggles in England, War Abroad, Fulfilled Predictions, Eclipses, a Hieroglyphic, &c. Price, 6d.; post free, 7d.; in strong boards, 1s.; post free, 1s. 2d.; of all Booksellers and at Railway Bookstalls. Insist upon having ORION'S. Wholesale of SIMPKIN & Co., Ld.; E. MARLBOROUGH & Co., and H. VICKERS, London; and GEO. C. CASTER, Market Place, Peterborough.

HAVE YOU A CATALOGUE? "TIS READY." SHAKESPEARE.
BUY YOUR WATCHES AND JEWELLERY DIRECT. Silver Watches from 12s.; Gold, 25s.; Silver Brooches, 10d.; Earrings, 8d.; Lockets, 1s. 3d.; Necklets, 3s. 6d.; Pencils, 1s.; Scarf-Pins, 6d.; Gold Dress Rings, 3s. 6d.; Lockets, 3s. 6d., Earrings, 2s. 9d. Genuine gold and silver guaranteed. Grand New Catalogue, 1200 Engravings, of high-class Watches and Jewellery, POST FREE on application. See one before purchasing. S. MEEKS, 100, Spencer-street, Birmingham.

DEAFNESS CURED SAFELY, RAPIDLY, and PERMANENTLY by USING "EARLENE."
Which has Restored the Hearing of Thousands. Mr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Cherry Orchard, Croydon, writes: "Before I used 'EARLENE' I could not hear the trains whistle; but before finishing one bottle I could hear the birds sing in my garden." Price only 1s. 1½d. a Bottle, of Chemists; or post free 2d. extra, from THOMASSO'S Depôt, Westminster Bridge-road, London, S.E.

Celandine
Removes Corns by the Roots in a week when other remedies fail. Easily applied. Worn with the tightest boot. Thousands of Testimonials, free; or a Bottle, post free, 14 stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Agents everywhere. F. Hurrell, Esq., Boreham, Chelmsford, writes:—"'CELANDINE' removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ."

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA.
I will demonstrate to the whole world and to sufferers from these unfortunate maladies how they can be permanently cured by an entirely New Method of Treatment, without the chance of failure. All afflicted may write with full confidence to Mr. WILLIAMS, 11, Burwood-place, Norfolk-crescent, London, who will send full particulars to any person, free of all charge.

CURE OF DEAFNESS.—NOISES IN THE EARS.—The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON will be happy to give advice, free of cost, to any sufferer. Over twenty years' experience. New Treatise post free. 6 stamps.—Address, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.

FREE Send a Post Card for a Sample of Broken-Leaf Tea at 1s. 5½d. per lb., equal to 2s. 6d. Tea. WILLIAMSON and SONS, Tea Merchants, 139, Upper Thames-street, E.C.

BAGATELLE BOARD
Splendid folding Mahogany Bagatelle Board, 7 ft. long, and fitted with Nine real Ivory Balls, Cue, Mace, Bridge, Indiarubber Cushions, Markers, &c. Beautifully polished top, &c., and quite new and perfect. Worth £4 10s. Price only £2 12s. Sent on approval. Nice size for private use. F. R., 121, Uxbridge-road, London.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN WANTED with Artistic Taste for Home Work. Easily learnt by anyone, and well paid for. Stamp for particulars to SECRETARY, 105, Fernlea-road, Balham, S.W.

TO THE MARRIED! and those intending to marry, should read carefully the new book which treats of every branch of this question. Post free Thirteen stamps. P. I. POTTER, 278, Strand, London.

100 Years Success

PROVES THAT

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL is the best preserver, beautifier, and strengthener of the hair. It contains no oil or colouring matter, and is also sold in a Golden Colour for fair-haired ladies and children. Bottles, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., equal to four small.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO a non-gritty tooth-powder; whitens the teeth, prevents decay, sweetens the breath.

Ask anywhere for Rowland's Articles and avoid poisonous imitations.

NEWHAM'S CELEBRATED STEAM PURIFIED, HAND PICKED, AND DUSTED LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS.

DIRECT from BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Carriage Free at less than Wholesale Prices.

OVER 50,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD BY US.

Messrs. P. I. NEWHAM and CO. are now offering their celebrated FEATHER BEDS at the following GREATLY REDUCED PRICES:

No. 1.—Single Bed, Bolster, and Pillow, 6ft. 3in. by 3ft. 6in. weighing 40lb.	30s. 0d.
No. 2.—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weighing 50lb.	37s. 6d.
No. 3.—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weighing 55lb.	41s. 3d.
No. 4.—Extra Double sized Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 5ft. weighing 65lb.	48s. 9d.

WARRANTED NEW AND SWEET.

Any-sized Bed only 9d. per lb., including Feathers in White (bordered) Tick, making, packing, wrapper, Carriage Paid to any Station in the United Kingdom. SUPERIOR BEDS, Splendid Feathers, Linen Tick, 1s. per lb. Samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price Lists, &c., post free. For the convenience of the public, several sizes, weights, and qualities of Beds are made; and as the demand for each Bed is large, a stock is kept ready made, so that all orders may be executed the same day as received.

For the convenience of purchasers, we have opened branches at 178, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.; and 55, GREAT ANCOATS STREET, MANCHESTER, where Samples and Beds can be obtained personally or by letter. All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days) payable to P. I. NEWHAM and CO., Boston, Lincolnshire.

THOMAS DOWNES, 55, Great Ancoats-street, Manchester; or THOMAS SMITH 178, Strand, London.

PARCEL MARK—BOSTON SECRET.

Bolsters, only 9d. per lb. Trade Supplied. Please mention this Paper. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

THE BRITISH HAMMERLESS SELF-EJECTING

BREECHLOADING SHOT GUN,

FOR 27/6 ONLY.

This "BRITISH" HAMMERLESS GUN is our latest offer to the British Public, and the MOST MARVELLOUS VALUE EVER OFFERED for the money. A rapid loader, close shooter, hard hitter, and in every respect equal to guns costing Ten Pounds. Very finely finished, browned barrels, walnut stock, steel heel-plates, perfect ejectors, and hammerless action, lateral breech, no awkward breaking gear, loaded hammers, noiseously, no jamming of cartridges, never misses or hangs fire. Government tested and stamped. Gun, 7lb. 4oz. weight, 6½ in.; size of bore, 12. They are specially adapted for

RABBIT, TRAP, & GENERAL SHOOTING.

Boxes, carefully packed, and *Carriage Paid to any part of Great Britain*, for **27/6** *only*. Cartridges, to supply at bulk price after DEC. 31, 1890. (Time extended for Foreign Customers only.) Guns on approval to anyone not perfectly satisfied. Can we supply you at once, with P.O., P.O.O., Registered Letter, or Cheque, made payable to Gunsmith, Birmingham? Send at once, with P.O., P.O.O., Registered Letter, or Cheque, made payable to

ADDRESS: **J. DRAPER, Manufacturer, BLACKBURN.**

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. Gold SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being in Bankruptcy, we can offer them at half their value, for a short time only, approval.—BENNETT, Watchmaker, Clockmaker, and Jeweller to the Trade, 65, Cheapside, E.C. Lists and Prices of others post free.

WATCHES.—LEVER WATCHES, 10s. 6d. to large shops and pay 100 per cent. profit, when you can buy the same with Lever, Jewelled, Warranted Guineas? Sent on approval. BENNETT, Practical Maker and Watchmaker, Cheapside, Minchin, Surrey.

WATCHES.—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS. LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, Enclosed length walking shoe. Prices (post free) Quality (colour Brown) Chldn's. Ladies. Gents. A. Plain Shoes (without strapping) 1/6 1/9 2/-. B. Sup. Canvas (as per illustration) .. 2/6 2/9 E. Velvet uppers (Black) .. .. 3/0 3/3 *Special Offer.*—To purchasers of three pairs at one time we allow a reduction of 2d. per pair; 12 pairs or more, 3d.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE COMPANY, 86, BATH STREET, GLASGOW. P.O.'s, &c., payable to A. MCAUSLAN. *Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.*

"PATENT CANVAS HOUSE SHOE." CHEAP, HEALTHFUL, DURABLE.

Made of Canvas, with strong Plated Jute Sole, which will last nearly TWICE MORE than with ordinary wear. They are comfortable and healthful for the feet, noiseless, give thorough ventilation, and absorb perspiration readily. Recommended by the *Lancet* for "Cold and Tender Feet."

	Prices (post free)		
Quality (colour Brown)	Chldn's.	Ladies.	Gents.
A. Plain Shoes (without strapping)	1/6	1/9	2/-
B. Sup. Canvas (as per illustration) ..	2/6	2/9	
E. Velvet uppers (Black)	3/0	3/3	

Special Offer.—To purchasers of three pairs at one time we allow a reduction of 2d. per pair; 12 pairs or more, 3d.

PATENT CANVAS SHOE COMPANY, 86, BATH STREET, GLASGOW. P.O.'s, &c., payable to A. MCAUSLAN. *Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties, post free, 1d.*

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post free and free from observation to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post free, 15 st.-mps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

---

100 WONDERFUL TIMEKEEPER. Genuine Crystal Plate Glass, Six Jewels, Lever Movement, Ladies' or Gents' size, post free. Written Warranty. Handsomely Engraved with 100 Engravings, contains testimonials in our 100 PAGE CATALOGUE. Every Watch Guaranteed. WHAT CAN BE FAIRER? "ENGLISH LEVER." 50s. "ROCKABOUT" WATCH. "Keyless Ditto, 9s. 6d. Warranted Timekeepers. DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY at a Pawnbroker's. Sent to the Manufacturers, Half-Hunting Gold Alberts, large Silver Brooch, Pair Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d.; Horseshoe Pin, Gold Stud, and Ring, 2s.; Gent's Half-Hunting Gold Watch, genuine Silver. Gold Watches, £2 10s. Every Pattern Sent Free. Gold Chains, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, &c.; also Gold Watches, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, &c. Every Pattern Sent Free. FOR CATALOGUE, Watch Guide, Chain Guide, Ring Guide, Price Lists, &c., Post Free, Mention Paper. DAVIES and CO., 105, Hockley-hill, Birmingham. Watch Guides Supplied.

TOO FAT. DR. GORDON'S Elegant Pills reduce Stout People speedily, safely, and certainly. Sold by all Chemists, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s., to the Dr. Gordon, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.

SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS. CHRISTMAS 1890.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

50,000 CHARMING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. DON'T MISS THIS! SEND AT ONCE FOR OUR

GRAND MONSTER

CHRISTMAS PARCEL

BETTER THAN EVER.

CUSTOMERS DELIGHTED.

1S. CHRISTMAS CARDS and NOVELTIES. 1S.

Extraordinary Value! Selling by Thousands.

THE TALK OF LONDON.

Unanimously Declared by the London Press to be, without exception, the

LARGEST & BEST SHILLINGS-WORTH OF THE SEASON.

No Lottery! No Blanks! Sterling Value for All.

The Parcel contains the whole of the following splendid Assortment of novelty goods, and cannot fail to astonish and delight every customer:—

BEAUTIFUL COLOURED RELIEF SCRAPS.

A complete set, illustrating, in sixteen clever and most comical Pictures, the adventures of Mother Hubbard and her Favourite Dog, ever welcome among the young folk, and afford an excellent source of amusement.

CLERK GEM PANEL.

Very chaste, thick, beveled edge card, with Christmas wish, blocked in gold and made with stand. A very pretty present.

MECHANICAL EASEL CARD.

Artist's portfolio, resting on easel when opened, representing a pretty model landscape.

THREE BIRTHDAY AND LOVE CARDS, with selected verses, suitable for enclosing in presents, &c.

NOVEL CHILDREN'S MECHANICAL CARD.

Pair of very handsome Crystographs, a perfect substitute for

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS.

Three Shillingsworth of Charming

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS.

A carefully selected parcel of One Dozen choice 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., and 6d. designs, including some very artistic Cards with gilt and silver bevelled edges, which alone are worth more than the price charged for the whole parcel.

And lastly, in addition to the above marvellous value, we present every purchaser with a

SILK LACE EDGE TOILET TIDY,

Well worth 1s., and sure to be admired.

The whole of the above marvellous Shillingsworth will be sent, post free, 14 stamps, or two, differently assorted, 26 stamps. P.O.O. or Postal Notes preferred.

Shopkeepers should send for Wholesale Catalogue and Samples of Christmas Novelties, three stamps.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON.

JOHN THRIDGOULD & CO.,

16, 18, AND 20, SIDNEY STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON, E.

(Established 1851.)

KINGSBURY'S XMAS CARDS. 50 Good Cards, 1s.; post free, 1s. 2d. Champion Lot. 50 Better Cards, 2s. 6d.; free, 2s. 9d. Exhibition Lot. 50 Best Cards, 5s.; post free, 5s. 3d. Academy Lot. 6d. Lucky Packet, 12 for 1s. Sunbeam do., 24 for 2s. 6d. 200 Scraps, Chromos, 1s.; free, 1s. 2d. Wonderful Lot. KINGSBURY'S 5s., 10s., 20s. Trade Packets, post free. P. L. KINGSBURY, Denmark-hill, London, S.E.

1S. WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PACKET. 1S.

We will send Forty-eight Popular Songs, one on a sheet, finely printed. Twenty Portraits of the world's Celebrities. Twenty Pictorial Views of the most beautiful scenes of the world, each on a separate sheet, finely engraved and elegantly printed. Twenty-four new and curious samples. Twelve wonderful Puzzles. The Magic Cards. The Young Conjuror, consisting of twelve amusing tricks. How to Reveal a Person's Thoughts. The shadow Pantomime, for Winter Evenings. A Splendid Compendium of Games, comprising Draught Board, Draughts, and Chess Men. Race Game, with horses. Ludo and Game of Bang and several other amusing games. Sixteen splendid Photographs of celebrated Pictures after Landseer and other well-known Artists. A packet of this season's Christmas Cards (alone worth One Shilling), together with one of our grand Illustrated Christmas Catalogues (forty pages), all sent, carriage paid, on receipt of postal note for One Shilling. Address THE UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY, 126, Clerkenwell-road, London, E.C.

EDITOR'S NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT FROM AN EDITORIAL NOTICE IN "LADY'S PICTORIAL."

Under the quaint title "Wyiwyrweil," or otherwise "Will-Wear-Well" cloth, Mr. Lutas Leathley, the well-known Leeds merchant of Armley, near Leeds, has brought out this season a beautiful and novel material for ladies' dress, which will be found altogether unrivalled for wonderful wearing qualities, combined with marvellously moderate prices. A complete dress length of a good serviceable winter material, when offered for half a guinea in all the newest colours, must in itself prove an irresistible bargain to the female mind. We must confess that as a rule we look somewhat doubtfully upon very cheap goods but, after having given these cloths a personal trial, we can assure our readers that they may at once yield to the temptation to purchase one of Lutas Leathley's wonderful half-guinea dress lengths without a moment's hesitation or the slightest misgiving as to the ultimate consequences. We have just had the pleasure of looking through the new patterns of "Wyiwyrweil" cloth, specially prepared for the forthcoming season, and our readers will no doubt be interested to know that the present range of artistic colours will be found to include all the newest and most fashionable shades, specially dyed for Mr. Lutas Leathley. The natural homespun colourings will be found specially suitable for tailor-made gowns, and our readers will also find many beautiful shades in the way of all the newest tones of copper and terra-cotta, reseda, myrtle, and bronze green, purple, fawn, and grey, with several very novel shades of tan colour and brown, and the always useful and lady-like navy blue. All these materials measure fifty inches, and on receipt of half a guinea Mr. Lutas Leathley is prepared to send a dress length of six yards, carriage paid, to any address in the United Kingdom. In the liberal fashion for plain full skirts six yards will be found an ample quantity, but in case any additional quantity should be required, as, for instance, for a jacket or cape, Mr. Lutas Leathley is prepared to cut any length at the rate of 1s. 3d. a yard. With every dress length sold this season a handsome brocaded silk handkerchief will be given away. Among the ladies who were last year supplied with half-guinea dress lengths of Mr. Leathley's wonderful cloths were the Marchioness of Waterford, the Marchioness of Dufferin, the Countess of Suffolk, the Countess of Westmeath, Lady Idina Brassey, Lady Greville, Lady Miller, Lady Forster, Lady Beresford, Lady Grove, and Lady Goldsworthy. Patterns of these wonderful cloths will be sent to any address post free, and as the demand for patterns at this season of the year is naturally very great, ladies will do well to make their application without delay.

Write at once for a full set of patterns (which need not be returned), and you will be astonished when you see them.

C. LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO., WYLWYRWELL FACTORY, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

1/6 STYLOGRAPHIC PEN. 1/6

Holds sufficient ink to write 20,000 words. Each pen is fitted with a silver point, and can be carried in the pocket, always ready for use. Has a regulated flow of ink, and glides over the paper as smoothly as a pencil. Post free, 1s. 8d.; Two for 3s. 2d.; larger size, and superior finish, same as illustration, post free, 2s. 8d. Trade supplied.

J. G. WEBBER, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

THE PERFECTION MEAT CUTTER.

Equalled by None for FAMILY Use. LATEST, BEST & MOST IMPROVED. No Loose Knives to Sharpen nor to get out of order. Does not press the Juice out of the Meat. Cuts instead of Mashes.

EASY TO PUT TOGETHER. EASY TO TAKE APART. EASY TO CLEAN.

This is NOT simply a Meat Cutter; it does a great variety of work not done by any other Machine. SIMPLE, PRACTICAL, DURABLE, CHEAP. Can be had from all Leading House-Furnishing Ironmongers. Should you not be able to get the "PERFECTION" from your regular Dealer, he can get it for you from Headquarters.

Cuts not only all kinds of raw and cooked meats, but also a great variety of other substances, such as Suet, Citron, Orange, or Lemon Peel, and all materials for Plum Puddings; Cocoanut, Almonds and Vanilla Beans for Cakes; Chicken, Lobster, &c., for Croquettes; pulverises stale bread and biscuits for frying purposes; cuts vegetables for soup—in fact, cuts almost everything required to be cut fine in the kitchen.

Be sure to ask for and to get the "PERFECTION."

No. 1 cuts 1 lb. per minute			8s. 6d. each.
No. 2	" 2	"	11s. 6d. "
No. 3	" 3	"	16s. 6d. "

SAUSAGE-FILLING ATTACHMENT 1s. 9d., 2s., 2s. 6d. extra.

CHAS. CHURCHILL & CO., Ltd., 21, Cross St., Finsbury, London, E.C.

Who will also be pleased to send full Descriptive Circulars on Application.

J. THEOBALD & CO.'S SPECIALTIES.

VENTRILOQUISM.—All about it, and how to learn it. By the great Professor Maccabe, 142 pages, post free, 1s. 2d. MAGIC and its mysteries. How to make conjuring tricks and how to perform them. Illustrated, 142 pages, by Professor Theobald, 1s. 2d. CARD TRICKS, 96 pages, explaining forty-one card tricks, 7d. RIDDLES and JOKES, 124 pages, 1s. 2d. MESMERISM and all about it, 1s. 2d. PHRENOLOGY and all about it, 1s. 2d. How to Read Faces and Character, 1s. 2d. Thought Reading explained fully, 1s. 2d. The Magician's Pack of CONJURING CARDS, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 8d.

D.D.D., D.V., and R.R.R.—Miss DOLLIE DAISIE DIMPLE, and DIMPLE VILLA. Formerly sold at 1s. 4d. each. Now, owing to the liquidation of the English Toy Co., and our buying the whole of the stock of the two, sold for 1s. 4½d. the two—Dollie Daisie Dimple, with her travelling trunk and dresses of coloured coloured calico, hats, skirts, corset, underclothing, &c., all to take on and off, 54 articles in all, and Dimple Villa, a large two-roomed villa, 16 in. by 11 in. by 8 in., to set up and take to pieces, very strong and attractive. The two toys complete, free for 1s. 4½d.

R.R.R., The ROMPING ROLLICKING RODERICK.—The darling middy, with his sea-chest, boat, sailor's clothes to take on and off, 50 articles in all, for 9d. free, or if ordered with the other two toys, the lot for 2s. free. For full particulars and gigantic illustrations see Catalogue, 1d.

GRAND EXCELSIOR CHRISTMAS BOX PARCELS.—10s. worth of goods for 2s. 6d. None sold after Christmas at this price. Simply a gigantic Christmas Box. Each parcel contains the enchanted syrinx, the new musical instrument; one magic photograph; the great American pictorial puzzle, 18 by 12in.; a nickle-silver pen and pencil; two 4d. Christmas cards; a 6d. Christmas booklet; a crocodile leatherette writing-case, with compartments for notepaper, envelope, &c.; a brother; 12 superb coloured plates of celebrated English battles and Victoria Cross heroes; packet of Silurian notepaper; handsome enamelled scarf-pin; an ivorine opera-glass, with microscope combined; and six flags for Christmas decoration, and three good bonbons. The entire lot for 2s. 6d., carriage free; two parcels for 4s. 6d., or three for 6s.

THE INSULTING CIGAR CASE. You offer your friend some tempting cigars, but directly he goes to take one they fly off, and a saucy head with extended fingers jumps up in place. Post free, 1s. 2d. THE MAGIC CIGAR CASE, where cigars entirely disappear and case is found empty. 1s. 2d., or in real leather, 2s. 9d. and 3s. 9d. THE PUZZLE FUSEE CASE, 1s. 2d.

NIGGER AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS. Immense assortment; only best quality. Moustachios, 6d.; Whiskers and Moustachios, 1s. 2d. Beards, 1s.; Full ditto, 1s. 6d.; Nigger's Wigs, 1s. 8d.; best 2s. 3d.; or fluting top, 3s. 3d.; Set of Bones, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.; Black for Faces, 8d. and 1s. 2d.; Collars, 1s. 2d. and 1s. 6d.; Cuffs, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. pair; Shirt Fronts, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.; False Noses, 6d.; Tambourines, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d.; Banjos, 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d.; Spangles, 2d. and 3d. packet; Boxes of Theatrical Make-up, Paints, Powders, Rouge, Brushes, &c., 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; Masks and Wigs on Sale and Hire of every description. Theatrical Coloured Fire, 8d. and 1s. 3d. per box. Theatrical Lightning, 8d. and 1s. 3d. for twenty packets.

THE MARVELLOUS ELECTRIC COIL.—Complete apparatus; a powerful Electric Coil, Contact Breaker, Platinum, Handles, Wires, Stand, Coil, Armatures, and Fittings complete, free, 1s. 3d. Very superior ditto with powerful Battery, 2s. 9d. Warranted to work. Selling in thousands. MODEL ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, complete with Battery, 1s. 3d. Pair for 2s. 6d.

THE MARVELLOUS KENSINGTON LANTERNS AND SLIDES. A beautiful Japanned Metal Magic Lantern on polished wooden platform, fitted with chimney, lamp, double focusing tube, two best lenses, and twenty comic figures, post free, 1s. 3d. Larger ditto, with forty figures, 2s. Superior and still larger ditto, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. up to £50. See Special Magic Lantern Catalogue, 3d.

THE MODEL STEAM DANCING SAILOR OR CLOWN.—Dances by steam one hour each time. Most wonderful invention. Strong metal boiler, tripod stand, dancing platform, furnace, and figure complete, Free, 1s. 3d; six different figures to work on same engine, 8d. extra.

ENORMOUS SCRAP PARCELS. The biggest value, largest number and best quality ever offered. The relief scraps in these parcels contain six to twelve colours in each picture. No. 1 Packet contains 50 beautifully coloured Relief Scraps and Pictures of Animals, Ships, Farm Houses, Clowns, Niggers, Musicians, Portraits, Games, Royalty, Children, Birds, Flowers, Comic Scenes, &c. Gratis with every packet, a magnificent Puzzle Picture, to put together of 322 pieces. The entire lot, carriage free, 1s. 3d. The No. 2 Parcel contains all the above in much larger variety, making 100 pictures altogether, a magnificent 6d. Scrap Picture of Father Christmas, and a magnificent Picture of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Given gratis with every 2s. 6d. Parcel the magnificent costly Panoramic Picture of "The Derby Day" by the great artist. Free, 2s. 6d. Purchasers of two 2s. 6d. Packets receive three 6d. scrap Pictures gratis. The No. 3 Scripture Relief Scrap Parcel contains 216 Pictures, illustrating scenes in the Old and New Testaments. Free, 2s. 3d. Nursery Rhyme Packets, 1s. 3d. Splendid Scrap Albums, emblazoned in gold, 9d., 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s. each, free.

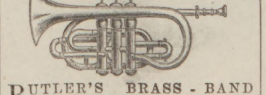
J. THEOBALD and COMPANY (Established Sixty Years), 7a, BATH PLACE, and 20, CHURCH STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS' ("Tower" Organ Works), 45, Leman-street, London, E. (late 20, Minories). Established 1827.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars, post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.



BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS.—Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction. Special Terms to Bands.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Guitars, Banjoes, Flutes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., to £10.

29, HAYMARKET, LONDON. ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST POST FREE.

VIOLIN. GREAT BARGAIN. Splendid rich and powerful toned old Model Violin. Quite sound and perfect fingering, and suitable for lady or gentleman, for solo or orchestra. Also superior Bow and handsome black ebonised 10s. 6d. Case, well fitted and lined throughout. Wanting money, will take £1. Send on approval anywhere. FRANK ROLPH BLOEMFONTEIN, Shepherd's-bush, London, W.

NO MORE MATCHES. THE AUTOMATIC MAGIC POCKET LAMP. Patent No. 17,120. Opens and Lights with one simple pressure of the thumb. GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE CENTURY. Size of ordinary match-box. Best Quality Nickel Plate, price, with 1000 lights, 5s. A light sufficient to illuminate a large room in a second with one handsome Lamp. Most useful under the pillow.

J. CHANCELLOR, 5, HATTON GARDEN, E.C.

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD

EXCELS ALL OTHERS for INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

DON'T READ THIS!

Unless you like Music. One of our facile self-instructors is presented gratis with every purchase of Musical Instrument. Complete catalogue with piano, resin, self-instruction book, &c., 6s. 6d., 7s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 21s. Banjoes, 5s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 11s. 3d., 15s., 22s. Bugles, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 6s. 9d. Zithers, 5s. 9d., 10s. 6d., plec. 6d. Cornet in case, 23s. Flutes, 2s. 10d., 3s. 3d., 6s. 6d. Mandolins, 25s. Melodeons, 4s. 9d., 6s., 8s. 6d. Concertinas, 4s. 3d., 5s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Nigger Wigs, 1s. 6d. Bones, 1s., 2s. Nigger, black or red, 8d. Tambourines, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. Fairylights, 8s. 6d. Ocarinas, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. Dulcimers, 4s. 6d., 6s., 8s. Set of violin strings, 1s. 2d. Set of banjo strings, 1s. 2d. Music, songs, &c., at trade prices. A single article at wholesale price and carriage paid. The STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S dept.), 31, Moorgate-street, London.

VIOLIN.—Grand Solo Instrument. Copy Amati. Perfect order, grand tone, very handy. Suit any Violinist. First-class box, grand bow, resin, music. Cash urgently wanted. Sacrifice, Lot 14s. 6d. Purchaser will always be fond of this grand Violin. Positive gift. Mrs. W. HURSTHOUSE, opposite Club, Tibshelf, Alfreton.

AFTER USE. AFTER USE.

LADIES' HAIR; WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS

POSITIVELY FORCED to grow heavily in a few weeks, WITHOUT INJURY TO THE SKIN, and NO MATTER AT WHAT AGE, by using EDWARDS' INSTANTANEOUS AMERICAN HAIRLENE. The WORLD-RENOWNED REMEDY for BALDNESS, from whatever cause arising. As a producer of WHISKERS and MOUSTACHIOS it has never been equalled. As a CURER of WEAK and THIN EYELASHES, or RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOUR, NEVER FAILS. 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per Bottle; post, free from observation, 1s. 4d., 3s. 9d., and 6s. 9d. T. EDWARDS, 5, New Oxford-street, London, W.C.

"MYSTERIA"

The new Special Guide to Married and Single Life. Not to advertise any doctor or medicine. 144 pages, limp cloth, gilt; post free, as a letter, 1s. 3d. BOZTHOS PUBLISHING CO., 30, Lord-street, Liverpool.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

makes a delicious beverage for Breakfast or Supper, and, owing to its nutritious and sustaining properties, will be found eminently suited for those who require a light yet strengthening beverage.

Half a Teaspoonful is sufficient to make a Cup of the most delicious Cocoa.

☞ TO SECURE THIS ARTICLE ASK FOR "FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA."

Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. Forty-Three Prize Medals awarded to the Makers,

J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, & SYDNEY, N.S.W.